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THE NEW REPUBLIC

June 24, 1967, 35 cents

The Middle East

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The Editors on After the Victory

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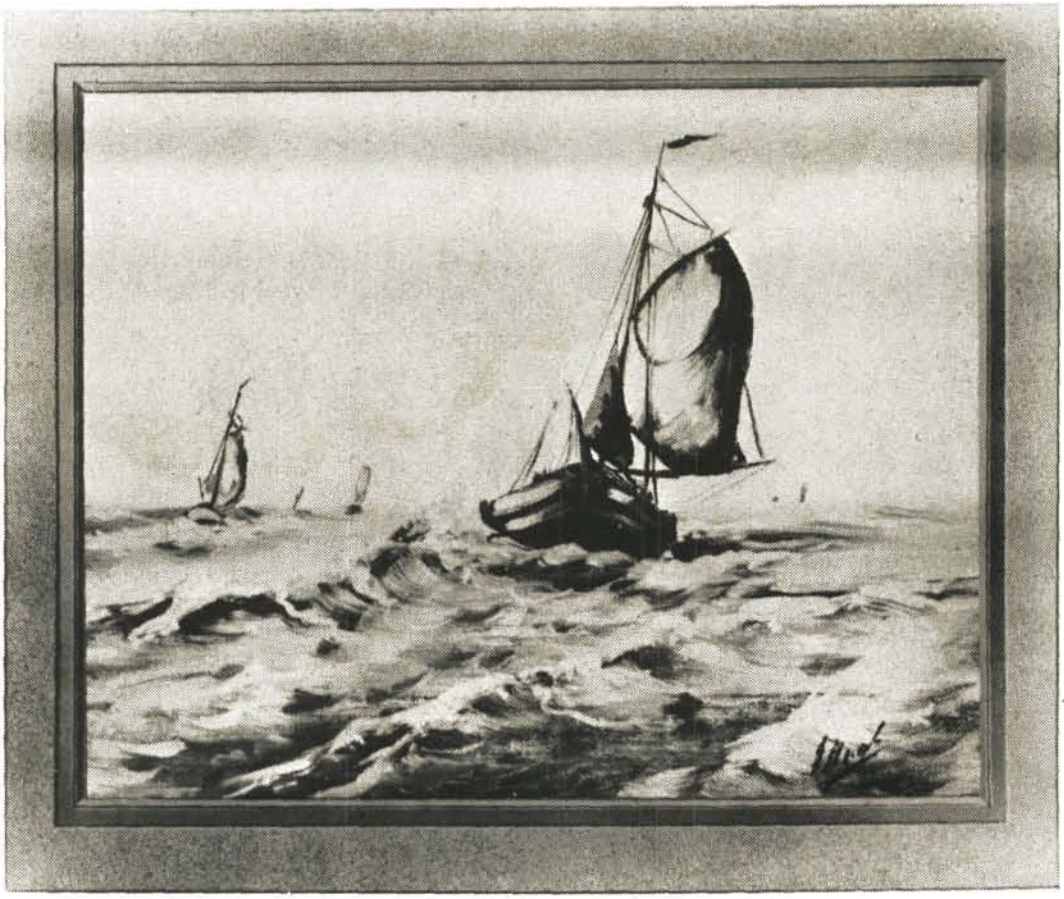

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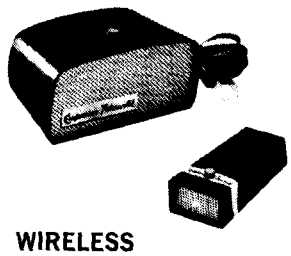

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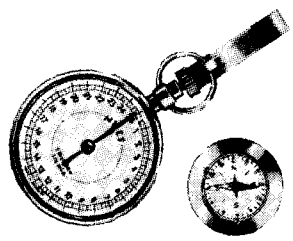

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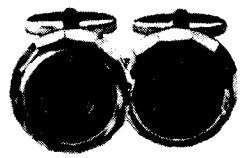

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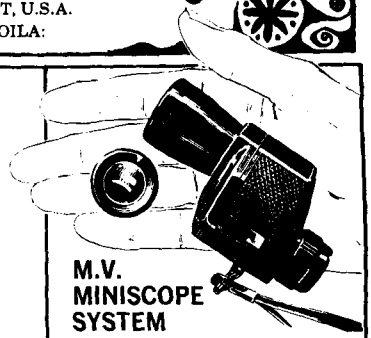

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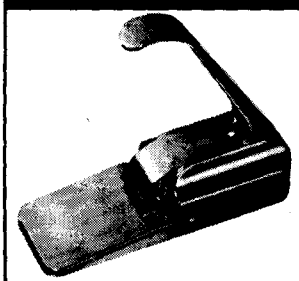

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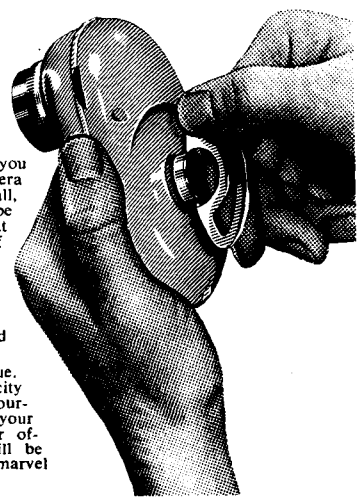

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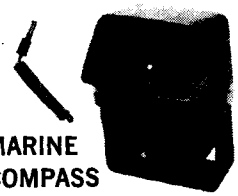

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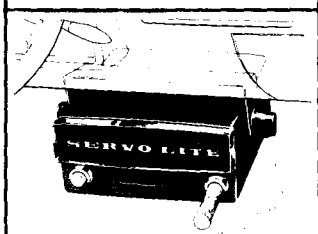

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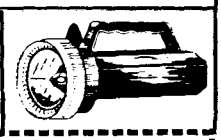

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

Hope of the "Hot Line"

★ The Kremlin clicked the White House teleprinter over the "hot line" right at the start of the Middle East war. It gave one crucial piece of information: Kosygin wouldn't intervene; would Johnson? "No," said Johnson. That hot line did it. The information stuck. The Russian fleet watched the US 7th Fleet like hawks; when 7th Fleet planes zoomed off, bristling with bombs, to see who had attacked US communications spy ship *Liberty* (the Israelis had) Johnson clicked Kosygin another "No Intervention" message. Again it worked.

The hot line worked because it was based on confidence. Confidence in Washington that Moscow was telling the truth; confidence in Moscow that if they told the truth there was somebody in Washington who would believe them. The system worked because there was mutuality of interest; nobody wanted nuclear Armageddon. Note that Moscow didn't fall for the Arab lie about US-UK planes aiding Israel. Moscow, all told, showed restraint. It was a gleam of sense in a world of madness.

Phase Two, alas, isn't so simple. Russia has seen a billion dollars worth of arms go down the drain. Israel is riding high. The bewitched Arabs still won't acknowledge Israel is a nation. TRB is no expert on the blood-soaked Middle East. But you don't need to be much of one, you just need to have seen the situation. This isn't sanity. They curdle their *Arak* with hate. Each war is a rehearsal for the next.

So where are we now? We read that the US has scored a "victory" by humiliating Moscow. The same people tell us that the Arab oil boycott is no good; they need oil royalties. And food too, from the West.

Well, take it from us, it isn't that simple. There are two million Jews among 50 million Arabs, the craziest haters on earth. It's hard to visualize an indefinite Israeli military occupation. Arabs are, of course, dissatisfied now with Moscow (so are some Jews with the US). But Moscow is likely to assume the role of protector of the Arab world. At the weakened UN, Moscow seems likely to put on a bitter propaganda offensive. The one small symbol of hope in all this is the "hot line." For a moment it was more than a symbol. Like a compass in the storm it pointed to the Pole Star of reason.

Politically, Mr. Johnson may have hurt himself with Zionists by not taking a stronger stand for Israel. Tel Aviv presented IOU's pledged by his predecessors, and Mr. Johnson evaded payment. For the majority of voters, Mr. Johnson probably did himself some good. He kept his cool; he kept us out of war. On political balance we think he scored a modest plus.

Mr. Johnson also named Thurgood Marshall, son of a Pullman car steward, to the Supreme Court; an indicated, but splendid, appointment. Justice Marshall, generally a liberal, replaces Justice Clark, a conservative. Men change strangely sometimes when they reach the Court; no prediction is safe. But the fine appointment comes hopefully just as the activist phase of the Warren Court tended to turn static.

(We drove to Delaware, Ohio, last week to see a daughter graduate, and looked for familiar signs crossing Appalachia. Yes, there it was! – but only one; a big crackpot billboard: "Impeach Earl Warren!" Coming back, another way – "Register Communists, Not Firearms!" What will they say about Marshall, we wonder?)

The Other Johnson

★ Meanwhile, Vietnam begins to come back on radio-TV. High-paid broadcasters get desperate covering a forgotten war, we suppose; maybe that accounts for the shrillness with which one announced "a major strike against the power plant of Thanh Hoa" – a little 5,000 kw plant at a coastal city below Hanoi. This peasant country has pathetically few electric and industrial installations; so proud of them that Washington thought it would give ground rather than see them destroyed. Wrong. We are systematically demolishing them; so few left now we are bewildered by the very scarcity. What happened; why did we do it? This plant was bombed out in April '66; reopened; and now the broadcaster quoted the US pilot: "It looked like the whole plant blew up from the inside out; the whole place exploded!"

Well, was not this something to make us all proud? A little power plant in a poor country, and we have smashed the generator to hell. This is the thing that saps the Administration. The President kept his head in the Middle East. He appointed Marshall. He has named eight Negro ambassadors, 11 judges, two sub-cabinet level administrators, and one to the high Court. His civil rights record is good. But Vietnam undermines it all.

Kennedy Brothers

★ The Kennedy brothers have been doing some fine work in the Senate. Bobby has a sensible proposal to allow modest tax credits for political contributions. It may rescue the rather silly White House presidential campaign financing bill. The ignoble Dodd business shows how campaign costs are skyrocketing.

And Teddy Kennedy (D, Mass.) snatched a stunning victory (probably temporary) from the Dirksen Old Guard on redistricting House seats. The political rule is: "Give your opponents a few big districts and gerrymander yourself a lot of little districts." Conservatives favored a redistricting bill that would allow a huge 35 percent variation between big and little districts. Teddy got it down to 10 percent. A fine, if brief, 44-39 victory.

★ *Notes:* Why should NY banks sell lottery tickets? Congress is moving to forbid it. . . . If you have $1,000 in your piggy bank send it to Constructive Action, Inc., LaJolla, Calif.; it will help them pay for last week's page advertisement in the *Wall Street Journal* saying the US Supreme Court is aiding the Soviets.

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After the Victory

The grisly desert tragedy that was beginning to be glimpsed last week, as the smoke of battle rolled aside to reveal refugees fleeing across the Jordan and Egyptian soldiers dying of thirst or being shot down by their own side and the Israelis mourning their dead, is a warning. Are Jews and Arabs doomed to fight a Middle East war every decade? This was the third round; there is yet no convincing evidence it was the final round. In a series of wars, both sides are victims. The vital question now is not what the Israelis will do with their military victory or how the Arabs will stomach their defeat, but whether both sides must remain prisoners of the past. When history stutters, it means that those who refuse to heed its lessons are being obliged to run through them once more.

The Middle East confrontation and clash are in almost all details a repeat performance of what happened there over 10 years ago. Once again, Syrians raided Israel and Israel made reprisals, a united Arab armed command was formed, *Mystères* destroyed MIGs, Israel swiftly gained command of the air and this sealed the fate of Arab armies. Nasser this time had about $1 billion worth of communist weapons to chuck away, whereas previously he had only about $100-million worth, but it made no difference. The Israelis just made a bigger bonfire. The United Nations got a cease-fire but is unlikely to be able to compel the Israelis to yield up what they have won. (The Israelis would be foolish, however, to lean too heavily on this.) The war aims of Ben-Gurion and Moshe Dayan in 1956 were exactly those of Eshkol and Dayan in 1967. Then as now, Israel went to war to destroy the bases from which Arabs raided Israel, to free the Gulf of Aqaba for Israeli ships, and to inflict such a blow on the Arab armed forces as would ensure Israel a long breathing space. But the mere recital of those identical aims underlines the limits of the Israeli military triumph. If as is almost certain the Arabs stubbornly refuse to make a peace settlement that recognizes Israel, must the Israelis fight the same war over again in the seventies, once more in the eighties, and yet again in the nineties? In ten years, there will be about 60 million Egyptians, and in all about 200 million Arabs. The Israelis number well under three million and cannot hope for a great increase; Jewish immigration into Israel has almost dried up. The victorious Israelis face some serious immediate problems. They appear determined to hold, at least for the time being, everything they have gained, from the Syrian heights above Galilee, to the west

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bank of the Jordan, to the eastern approaches to the Suez Canal. But this conquered territory contains people; specifically, 1.3 million Palestinian Arabs many of whom thus become Israeli captives twice in their lifetimes. If they enter refugee camps they are once again a problem for the world, especially for the United States. If the Israelis retain control of both the Arabs and the territory, what on earth will they do with this mass of enemies? At a single stroke these Arab captives almost double the population of Israel and, added to the 300,000 Arabs already living in Israel, come close to outnumbering the Jews. In a short time they probably would do so, since the Arab birthrate far exceeds the Jewish birthrate.

There was talk in Israel last week of turning the conquered land west of the Jordan into some kind of vast Arab reservation, under Israeli rule. But the Israelis cannot in the 20th century treat Arabs as Americans treated the Sioux in the 19th. For one thing, there are relatively vastly more Arabs than there were Sioux. For another, if the Israelis attempted to do such a thing, they would be betraying their own ideals, as well as ignoring their bitter past. To seize control of strategic points is a military necessity, given the history of Arab determination to wage a "holy war" for the extinction of Israel. But of all people on earth, the Israelis are the last to follow up a successful *blitzkrieg* with a declaration of *lebensraum*.

"It doesn't do much for you, Leonid."

Whatever is done with the captive Arabs, Israel has not eliminated the long-term threat to her existence, any more than she has at last opened the Suez Canal to her ships. The only lesson that may be learned from the latest war by the unrelenting Arabs is that victory in the desert is best achieved by a pre-emptive air strike. If so, they will lay their plans accordingly. Israel, in turn, may feel compelled to acquire the supreme deterrent, nuclear weapons. Before that happens, another phase of Arab terrorist raids into Israel seems only too likely. Even if the Russians decide to cut their losses, and refuse to throw good rubles after bad by further investments in arms for Arabs, the Chinese will be happy to oblige the Arabs, via Albania. China has already offered stricken Egypt a month's food supply and some hard cash. But the Russians show very little sign of cutting their losses. On the contrary, they hope to collect some political dividends in the Third World by linking Arab defeat to the machinations of western imperialists. The Middle East war on top of Vietnam has pushed the United States and Russia far apart and last week it seemed highly unlikely that even a Johnson-Kosygin meeting could bridge the gulf.

In that case both the Israelis and the Arabs would find themselves once more playing the role of pawns on the world's political chessboard. Israel is not 20 years old, yet in that relatively brief time both this country and the Soviet Union have played prestige politics with the Arab-Israeli feud. So have the French and the British. Russia and this country don't want to fight each other in the Middle East or anywhere, but will they stop their 20-year habit of putting arms in Arab and Israeli hands?

If all the big powers were sincerely interested in the welfare of the people in the Middle East, there are plenty of opportunities to show that interest. Israel has serious economic problems. The Egyptians, Syrians and Jordanians are bankrupt and soon will be starving. Most of the 24 million Egyptians scratch a living from only six million acres of arable land; Israel was little larger than New Jersey. These brutal basic facts make their repetitive wars ridiculous; time is bought only to prepare for the next crack at the enemy. Unfortunately, the Big Powers are no more likely to cease arming the Middle East than the Arabs are likely, soon, to sit down and talk out their differences with the Israelis. Since June 7, President Johnson's former special assistant McGeorge Bundy, has been trying to shape up American policy to solve these conundrums, perhaps by way of some global package deal with the Russians. If he succeeds, Dean Rusk will have a ready-made successor.

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Those Israeli Troops

Not a Litterbug Among Them

Now it's "Moshe Dayan's victory," as it was "Montgomery's sweep," "Rommel's blitz," "Patton's drive." The public finds it mentally relaxing to tie great events to colorful individuals. It's also easy to make heroes supernatural: a US senator suggests, straight-faced, that we hire Dayan to solve our problems in Vietnam.

Dayan is surely one of history's most gifted generals. But after spending two weeks in Israel, before, during and following the fighting, and after putting 3,000 kilometers on a rented car while observing the army in every corner of the country, I'm convinced that the Israelis' triumph of arms is primarily due to the caliber and motivation of the men carrying the arms. I'm equally sure that Dayan would be the first to admit this, which is one reason why I place him a cut above most other generals.

Israeli forces are made up mostly of farmers, homebuilders and merchants who have had a long and gaunt struggle for survival. As a result, the army itself can operate on a shoestring. By US standards, Israel's troops are incredibly frugal. Left behind is none of the post-battle debris you expect from almost any other army: thrown-away packs, gas masks, broken weapons, bandoliers of ammunition, cases of grenades, half-used rations, bits of clothing, web equipment, and so forth. Israelis don't have stuff to throw away, so they don't throw it. In Jerusalem, after the war started, during a flurry of small arms firing, I found a single round of 7.62 millimeter machine gun ammunition lying in the road. The brass case was quite battered. Obviously it had caused a jam, had been forcibly removed, judged hopeless and discarded. I pocketed it and brought it home to my son John, who is a rifle nut and reloads his own ammunition. He showed me why the round was no good. It had been reloaded a number of times, and during the last operation the neck of the case had become deformed and had failed. Imagine an army that picks up its own empty cartridge cases and reloads them for the next battle.

Earlier, at the border of the Sinai, the day before the shooting started, I spent several hours with an infantry battalion dug in along a cliff overlooking the no-man's land the UN had hastily evacuated at Nasser's request. This area was actively patrolled by Egyptian tanks. I was allowed to step out ahead of the foxholes to make photos and sketches, but at one point was hastily told to get under cover. The battalion commander thought he saw a Russian-built tank sneaking up a *wadi*. Trouble was, he couldn't be sure. His binoculars appeared to have come from the bargain basement of a Japanese dime store. They couldn't even be focused accurately. Around my neck hung a pair of Zeiss glasses I had picked up on a previous trip abroad. I loaned them to the colonel. He aimed at the *wadi*, got into focus, and his face lit up. He could see! He found his tank, and led a jeep patrol with recoilless rifles around to a flanking position to waylay it in case it should attack. The colonel wouldn't let me go on the expedition, but I insisted that he take the glasses with him.

The tank went away after a while, the colonel came back, and he used the glasses for the rest of the day, fondling them and peering at every stone in the Sinai. I begged him to keep them. I would be going home through Europe, where I could pick up another pair. He said he couldn't accept such a gift. I asked him to buy them at a nominal price – maybe a bottle of beer. He said it would still be a gift. I said that since it was the Israeli army, he could have them wholesale. He said he couldn't afford them even at wholesale. It was an impasse. I brought the glasses home, and the colonel led his troops through the Sinai, using glasses with the optical properties of coke bottle bottoms.

When the Israeli armor started rolling, I watched it form up along the roads. The desert came alive as camouflaged nets were rolled back and the monster vehicles clanked out of their hillside revetments. (Except when they were committed to battle, or on rough terrain, they were always hauled on trailers, to save wear and tear on both tanks and roads.) Now they moved out, miles and miles of them, and not once did I see a wasted movement, a traffic foul-up, or an MP swearing and waving his arms. Wandering about in the desert later, where these units had been in position for many days, I found no litter. Not even a tin can. Just empty holes they had dug for their vehicles.

One of the commonest bits of armor in the Israeli forces is the American half-track, considered by us obsolete in 1945. Though lightly armored and highly vulnerable to mines, it happens to be a pretty good sand buggy for troop-carrying, and it must have been fairly cheap for the Israelis to buy. Having come from a family of automobile mechanics, I was fascinated by the maintenance lavished on these relics of ancient American campaigns. Every half-track was lovingly lubricated and carefully handled. On several, I saw plastic dust caps over the grease fittings.

Although there is no doubt about the efficiency of the army or the authority of its officers, there is absolutely no nonsense or pageantry about it. Officers are treated with respect, but I never saw a single salute. Officers' and soldiers' food comes from common kitchens. Many officers bring their own small cars for transportation, smearing mud over the more brightly

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painted surfaces. The fanciest staff car I saw in all of Israel was an olive drab Chevrolet, about 1960 vintage, carrying the minister of defense in the back seat.

It is a Spartan army, brought into being under Spartan circumstances. But it's not a hardship army. The men and women get their mail regularly, and they have PXs of a sort dispensing soft drinks, tobacco and a few other luxuries. (Incidentally, I saw fewer female soldiers than I expected, and none under arms. This could be because many of the women were at home trying to cope with the thousands of acres of wheat I saw rotting on the stalk all over Israel. The Arabs timed their war for the harvest season.) The army's food is simple but substantial, the boots are rugged but fit, the uniforms are faded but mended. The morale is tremendous. Combine all this with masterful leadership and you have a military machine that can take on its weight in wildcats.

However, there's not much that Moshe Dayan alone could do for us in Vietnam. General William Westmoreland is more than adequate as military leaders go. Personally, I think he's very good, and that our troops there are the finest we've ever put into the field. The problem in Vietnam is in the nature of the war itself, and in the fact that for motivation our people are forced to fall back upon tired slogans, dubious assumption about "commitments" and antiquated abstractions such as the "domino theory."

Dayan wasn't playing dominos. His back was to the sea. On all other sides he was eyeball to eyeball with a vicious enemy who meant to exterminate the Israeli soldiers' families, homes and country. I have a feeling that without the leadership of a bona fide genius the Israelis would have had to fight a longer and costlier war, but that they'd have won it in the end anyway.

BILL MAULDIN

What Can and Can't Be Done

Resettling the Refugees

United Nations

What the Russians now seek is not an agreement with the United States on the Middle East. Rather, Soviet diplomats are frantically trying to turn military disaster into some kind of victory. The USSR is making strenuous efforts, here in the UN and elsewhere, to prove to the Arab world that it did not betray them. For the time being, Washington cannot count on Moscow's collaboration in any significant peace initiatives.

The UN General Assembly will meet, it will talk for several weeks, it will vote a resolution or two (probably nothing unbearably hard on Israel, since a two-thirds majority might not be available for that), and nothing will happen. The great Arab economic vendetta against the US and Britain – about which much is heard here – will also come to nothing. Consider the Emir of Kuwait. For how long will he deny oil to Britain? What possible pressures will persuade him to withdraw the $1.5 billion he has invested in British bonds? The day the Emir is deprived of British military protection (a secret British-Kuwaiti military pact is still in force), his tiny sheikdom would be swallowed by neighboring Iraq, or by Nasser, or by both. Or take Saudi Arabia. Without US protection Faisal's kingdom would have long ago been conquered by Nasser. Will Faisal then expel American oil interests? For the past several years, he has been asking not for less American protection but for more. And old King Idriss of Libya: He too knows that Nasser's eye is on his fabulously rich oilfields.

It is apparent that in the wake of such a massive defeat, no Arab dares to defy popular sentiment. But you can't eat oil. If the West does not buy Arab oil, who will? Paradoxical as it may seem, its place would be taken in western Europe by Soviet oil. There are vast amounts of it which Moscow has not been able to sell for hard currency, though it has tried, and despite huge investments in pipelines from Siberia to the Danube, and even further west and south.

Observers here doubt that the oil lobby in Washington will exercise the powerful pro-Arab influence it brought to bear on previous occasions. Certainly the 22 or so American oil companies have fabulous investments in the Middle East which they would hate to lose. But all these companies have even greater investments in domestic fields, and in those outside the Arab area. The blocking of Arab oil to the west would immediately bring an oil boom everywhere else.

Ambassador Goldberg is not a miracle-worker. He will not be able to prevent the Russians from doing their best to transform what seemed like Soviet betrayal of the Arabs into an impression of limitless Soviet support. Nor can he or Mr. Johnson dissuade the Arabs from beating an imaginary horse, blaming the Americans and the British for their defeat by the Israelis. There isn't much Ambassador Goldberg can do right now but ride out the storm of words.

The pivotal fact, which UN resolutions won't alter, is Israel's determination to negotiate its future frontiers and its overall relations with the Arab world only through direct negotiations, and not to relinquish anything unless such negotiations are confirmed in peace treaties. That means nothing will be settled soon. For the Arab world is not in a mood for negotiation. But in a year or two, when many hopes have faded and perhaps some Arab rulers have fallen, more realistic

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leaders may come to the fore.

In the meantime, most likely, Israel will control an area from the Suez Canal to the Syrian plains, from the Mediterranean to the Jordan River. Militarily this should not be too difficult. The huge Sinai Desert can be lightly policed by a relatively few, swift armored cars and supplied by transport aircraft. Nothing more is required to protect Sharm el Sheik, which assures free passage to the Gulf of Aqaba. The bulk of the Israeli forces will certainly be brought home. The great strain on Israel will not be the 60 million Arabs outside its borders, but the 1.5 million or so inside its new demarcation line, whose life is dreadful and whose hearts must be full of hatred, mitigated only by fear. Israel must draft ambitious plans for their future, and this means resettling the refugees on either barren desert or barren hills – and assuring their subsistence.

Fertile in Biblical times, this land has been spoiled by centuries of erosion. But reforestation, irrigation, reclamation are possible, as the Jewish pioneers of 50 years ago demonstrated. Now would be the moment to push ahead with the plan for a fair division of the waters of the Jordan and its tributaries, drawn up years ago by the late Eric Johnson and rejected categorically then by all Arab governments (for it would have helped Israel, though Jordan, Syria and Lebanon would have benefited too). Most of the Arab land that would benefit from it is under Israeli control today. The pledge once made by the US to finance the Eric Johnson scheme should be honored.

Three years ago President Johnson spoke of cooperating with the Israelis in the construction of a huge, nuclear-powered water desalinization plant. A joint study approved its feasibility; appropriate engineering and cost studies have been completed; the plant could provide 100 million gallons of water a day and between 200 and 300 megawatts of electricity. But the financing – about $300 million – has yet to be arranged. That project too, deserves high priority, for the sweet water created would make possible a decent existence now denied the refugees. No one expects their resentments to subside overnight, but a productive life is surely the pre-condition for their coexistence with the Jews.

Underlying hostilities in the Middle East will not be resolved by UN debates in the coming weeks, nor even through early negotiations between the governments directly concerned; the Arabs are not yet prepared for that. But Israel itself can begin to tackle the immense problems within the territory it controls. All other courses – relying on the UN, searching for Soviet cooperation, calling for action by the Big Four, courting Arab extremists, pressuring Israel to return to an intolerable *status quo* – are treacherous courses. They would lead not to less turmoil in the Middle East, but to more.

PHILIP BEN

Silence of the Moderates

The Arabs Haven't Given Up

Beirut, Lebanon

For the moment, Arab governments seem content to leave the decision on what steps to take now in the confrontation with Israel to Nasser. An Arab summit has been held, and whatever line Nasser proposed there, the Arabs have probably accepted. In adversity there is unity. Nasser's offer to resign sharpened the feeling that he is indispensable. Nobody blames him in public for the "reverse," as the defeat is usually called. It is seen rather as a common defeat of all Arabs, which they must overcome by united action.

There is, of course, much discussion about what has happened. In print, the war is frequently called the "tripartite aggression." The Egyptian charge of American and British collusion is widely believed. Even if there was no intervention from aircraft carriers, one hears frequently, there must have been some hidden aid to Israel, at least last-minute arms supplies. How else, the Arabs ask, could the Israelis have been so devastatingly successful? The West, particularly Britain and the US, are viewed as enemies. It is believed that, somehow, they did help Israel. Likewise, there is also much discontent with the Russians. They are seen as friends who abandoned their partners.

As to future Arab policies, one can detect three broad trends. Most newspaper comment assumes a continuation of the struggle and attempts to regain lost Arab territories through diplomacy and an economic boycott of the West. This includes stopping the flow of oil to England and the US, boycott of British and American goods and withdrawing Arab funds from British banks. The Arabs hope that such measures, together with diplomatic pressure from the Soviet Union and the satellites, might cause enough difficulties for Israel's Western friends to force them to influence Israel to retire from Arab lands without a peace treaty. (It is sometimes hoped that de Gaulle might help bring about this result.)

But the more radical Arabs affirm that the boycott alone is not sufficient, that some form of armed struggle will be necessary as well. They seem to think that this must take the shape of a guerrilla war, involving the Arab population inside Israeli-occupied territory. The militants speak of the need to reconstitute quickly an Arab air force and they look to the Soviet Union to provide new planes. The holders of both sets of opinions realize that they will have to rely heavily on the Russians, and their present campaign against the Soviets seems intended partly to stimulate their friends

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to show themselves more generous and combative, so as not to lose face in the third world. This campaign, however, may have already passed its peak. Cairo papers are saying that Moscow is, after all, a friend of the Arabs.

Proponents of continued struggle are vague on three counts: first, the amount of suffering any guerrilla war is bound to bring to the Arabs; second, the amount of damage any boycott will do to the Arabs themselves; and third, the difficulties in the way of making the boycott effective. If their attention is called to the first two questions, they usually reply: Arab national pride has been humiliated and no amount of suffering is too great to rehabilitate that.

In private conversation, some few proponents of compromise or peace policies can be found. But their views cannot be printed in the papers, which are either under government control or under military censorship. And even they, in private, do not go so far as to propose direct negotiations with Israel, for to most Arabs this seems utterly impossible. They have been brought up in an atmosphere of absolute refusal of Israel and anything Israeli. The partisans of a compromise solution know that they are a minority, that the masses are not with them, and that they have no chance to publicize their ideas. Would they attempt it, they would be treated as traitors. They have no choice but to hope that facts themselves will force events in the direction of a compromise.

The elaboration of a definite Arab policy will no doubt be coming shortly. It seems probable that it will be a policy aimed at gaining back as much of the lost territories as possible, without conceding a peace treaty, and avoiding direct talks with the Israelis. It is not certain, but it seems probable that Nasser will go on leading the Arabs toward a confrontation with Israel. If he were to grant a peace treaty, it would be regarded by Arabs as a political defeat added to the military "reverse." The general tone in the mass media is one of exhortation and psychological preparation for the next round against Israel and the West, by all means that can be mobilized. This it is admitted will be hard, but ultimately the Arabs believe they will succeed – and by success they mean ultimate liquidation of Israel as a state.

ARNOLD HOTTINGER

Summer Riots

In Cincinnati a Negro man protesting the death sentence of another Negro is arrested. In Boston, police advance with truncheons on women sitting-in at the welfare department. In Tampa, a cop shoots a Negro burglary suspect in the back after he had refused to halt. Each incident triggered violence. Stores were burned and looted, people injured. Rioting ended in Boston not because the police had dispersed crowds, but because the cops went away.

Not all of the police action was unprovoked. A young Tampa Negro explained, "The police didn't have no business shooting that boy. But the boy didn't have no business attempting to break in the place and running." But in Boston the cops acted mindlessly. According to one account of the violence in the Roxbury district, police herded demonstrators who were sitting-in at the welfare department into two rooms – men in one and women and children in the other. "One of the police shouted 'get them' or 'beat them.' Perhaps he meant to say, 'Get them out.' Instead the police there attacked both the women and men and worked them over pretty thoroughly."

Had the police arrested no Negroes or brutalized no peaceful demonstrators these cities might have escaped violence *last* week. But it is as naïve to believe that all would have been well as it is to say that newspapermen who looked at the seething slums weeks ago and predicted this summer would be bad were giving people ideas. Ghetto people don't need to read newspapers to know how they feel. Nor would training cops better, paying them more, in itself guarantee tranquillity.

Riots *work*, in the sense that they focus attention on the ghetto and get for the Negroes a few things – a swimming pool here, a lighted playground there, some summer jobs – which they would not have had otherwise. But the public has a brief attention span. Store fronts are repaired, the fires are put out, so why worry about October, November and the rest of the year. There is no answer to summer riots except year-round concern with providing the Negro with those things that set slums apart: a job paying a living wage and one that is not degrading, a decent house, a real education for his children. And this concern cannot be merely the guilt-fear reaction to "Get Whitey."

Poverty politics exists in an atmosphere of total unreality. While Negroes were rioting last week, Sargent Shriver was having to defend on Capitol Hill what little his agency has done for the poor.

The Boston riots stopped when someone got the idea of getting the rioters together to talk about what they want. Theirs were the standard complaints: police brutality, unemployment, recreation, housing. What seemed to matter most was that somebody cared what they thought. Maximum feasible participation is the central, if not always appreciated, core of the poverty program. Personal dignity and the knowledge that one can do something to improve his own life are in the long run more important than a few hydrants turned on in June and the frightened gestures Washington makes toward the ghetto, when, as it does in the summertime, violence seems imminent.

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How to Buy Drugs Cheaply

The drug companies are trying to convince Congress that just because two drugs are identical doesn't mean they will have the same effect. They insist a brand name, expensively advertised and promoted to doctors, is somehow superior to the same drug sold cheaply, generically and without fuss. The drug industry spends $3,000 per doctor per year in advertising to the medical profession. That outlay is what one pays for in a brand-name drug – not extra safety, not increased efficacy. The military buys generics, the FDA approves them, and no compelling arguments have been made against them. Generic drugs have, on occasion, been recalled by the FDA for impurities and mislabeling, but so have the products of Lilly, Squibb, Pfizer, Upjohn.

There would seem to be little point in doctors prescribing drugs by generic names since pharmacists are still free to dispense the most expensive brand-name equivalent. If the physician prescribes Chlor-Trimeton, an antihistamine put out by Schering Corporation, the patient in most states must by law get Chlor-Trimeton (which costs the druggist $20.59 for 1,000 four-milligram tablets). However, if the physician prescribes the identical drug by its generic name, Chlorpheniramine (available at $1.95 per thousand from the Columbia Medical Co. and Vita-Fore Products Co., Inc.), the druggist is still likely to dispense Chlor-Trimeton, at the higher price. In other words, he may substitute a brand-name product for its generic equivalent.

There are several reasons why pharmacies often don't stock generics. There may be little demand or too little shelf space to duplicate stock in drugs by different pharmaceutical companies. The druggist may have been bamboozled by the salesmen who visit pharmacists and doctors, singing the praises of brand names. Finally, a druggist generally makes less money selling generics; it is to his advantage not to carry them.

Even after he has persuaded his doctor to prescribe Chlorpheniramine instead of Chlor-Trimeton, Penicillin G instead of Pentids, Meprobamate instead of Miltown, a patient hasn't got home. The best he can do, we are told, is to travel around town from drugstore to drugstore until he finds one that has the generic drug in stock. And then he may be disappointed to find that the pharmacist charges as much for the generic drug as does the druggist who carries only the "high-priced" brand-name medication.

There is a way a patient can get around the inconvenience of drugstore hopping – ordering medicine through the mails from reputable discount pharmacies which make a point of carrying all drugs available generically, at low cost. For instance, the same Chlorpheniramine which would save you money if the druggist handled it and which he sells as Chlor-Trimeton at an exorbitant price can be obtained from Henry Schein Inc., a wholesale distributor at 170-01 39th Avenue, Flushing, New York 11358, for $1.85 per *thousand* (including $.50 postage and handling). You have to wait only a day or two to get it. And to save most you must buy in quantity. To order is easy. Simply obtain a prescription from the doctor under the generic name of the drug, fill out a simple order form, and mail it to Schein with a check for the amount.

Using mail-order pharmacies need not be the permanent or preferable alternative to buying from the corner drugstore. (It is now also possible to buy drugs through co-ops sponsored by such groups as the National Retired Teachers' Association, the American Association of Retired Persons, or Seattle's Group Health Cooperative.) But it is one way for the public to demonstrate it doesn't like being gouged by the drug industry and pharmacists.

Thurgood Marshall

When in 1910 William Howard Taft made Edward Douglass White Chief Justice of the United States, it was widely remarked that this appointment, by a Republican President of an ex-Confederate soldier, signaled that the South was "coming into her own – is taking her rightful place in the nation." So, in the appointment of a Negro Justice by a Texan President, we again move, by symbolic stages, in the institution that has charge of most of our symbols. The Court is not misused by being put to the performance of such a symbolic service, though it would be disastrous to harden the Court into the mould of a political ticket in New York City.

Thurgood Marshall, said the President, already has "his place in history." Indeed he does. In his person, millions of Negroes marched into the courtroom and prevailed. It is something to have heard masses of Negroes chanting, "We shall overcome," and it was something of equal grandeur to hear Thurgood Marshall oppose the late John W. Davis in 1953, in the argument of *Brown* v *Board of Education*.

Later stages in Mr. Marshall's career, his nearly four years on the US Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit, and his two years as solicitor general of the United States, called for other talents, for a wider-ranging, more reflective, and at once more technical, approach to law. And it must be said that Mr. Marshall's performance in these transitional stations of his career was often less than brilliant. But in the most demanding of judicial offices, and one of the most demanding of all national offices, men before now have risen to new levels of achievement.

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Governor Reagan's "Slightest Vestige"

Los Angeles

The 33rd governor of the nation's richest and most populous state, elected last year by a margin of nearly one million votes, said that his new administration would "make sure that there isn't the slightest vestige . . ." of conflict of interest. Ronald Reagan explained that his appointees would put into trust or divest themselves of any holdings that might cast doubt on their impartiality. The announcement was unambiguous and commendable. What has happened since? Judging from the background of some of his appointees, Mr. Reagan's either kidding himself or the public or both.

On January 16, the governor announced his two appointments to the State Highway Commission. One was a grocery and appliance store operator of oriental ancestry. The other was the owner of a San Jose warehouse company and a "drayage." "Drayage" as defined in legal dictionaries means the transportation for charge of property in wheeled vehicles. It seems improbable that this "drayage" would operate on anything but California's public roadways. The *Los Angeles Times* noted that the new commissioner was past president of his county truck owner's association and a member of the board of governors of the California Truck Owners' Association.

The California State Savings and Loan Commissioner has sole power to grant or deny applications for lucrative new savings and loan charters and branch offices. He is to oversee the regulation of this industry in the public's interest. As Savings and Loan Commissioner, Governor Reagan appointed a professor of finance from a private university, who has also been a director of a Los Angeles savings and loan association and, according to the *Los Angeles Times*, ". . . a consulting economist for the Council of a Savings and Loan Financial Corporation, composed of firms which own and operate state-chartered saving and loan associations."

The California State Real Estate Commissioner polices the 140,000 real estate brokers and salesmen, as well as the sellers of oil, gas and cemetery leases. To this position, Mr. Reagan appointed a man who is on record as opposing the California open housing law, is nationally known in the real estate field, is immediate past president of the California Real Estate Association and a director of the National Association of Real Estate Boards. The California Real Estate Association is the major financial source for opposition to and repeal of the state's laws against discrimination in housing.

The new director of the State Resources Agency lists affiliation with the Sierra Club, a militant conservationist organization. But he characterizes his approach as "practical rather than posy-picking," hardly complimentary to conservationists. He was a former owner of a sawmill and was treasurer of a lumber company.

The executive vice president of a San Francisco bakery concern, who has appeared before the State Labor Commission to oppose workers' wage claims, is the governor's new State Labor Commissioner. He will direct the state agency charged with helping workers to collect unpaid wages. "We believe," said a spokesman for Governor Reagan, "we have selected the best possible person for the job." The *Los Angeles Times* noted that this was the ". . . first time in modern history that a management man has been named to the post traditionally held by a labor representative."

Some expected the State Corporation Commissioner to be from labor. Instead, Reagan appointed a 34-year-old lawyer, who, again according to the *Los Angeles Times*, had specialized in corporate securities law. The *Times* indicated the appointee hopes to have the "active participation and assistance of representatives of the investment and banking community" as well as accounting, legal and "other" business which he will regulate. The new commissioner might turn also to his father for counsel. The father has headed the western operations of a large insurance company and is president of the state's seventh largest bank.

A variation on the theme is the governor's treatment of the Office of the State Consumer Council, established by "Pat" Brown to investigate consumer complaints and generally to represent the consumers' interests within the state government. The *Times* did not identify the background of the governor's appointee, but in a 15-line story in January, it did indicate that there would be an immediate cut in the staff of the Consumer Council resulting in a savings of $50,000 in the few months remaining in the state's fiscal year. Then, at the end of March, on the back page of its first section, the *Times* reported the recommendation of a bipartisan analyst employed by the Democratically controlled legislature that the legislature eliminate the Consumer Council program altogether, since it had been so emasculated by the Reagan administration no meaningful work would be possible.

Reagan, in January, had proposed $119,000 for the operation of the Office of the Consumer Council for the new fiscal year. Three months later, in a supplementary budget, he proposed cutting that request by some $92,000, thus reducing the total operating budget for the Council to $28,000. He has reduced the staff from seven to two – one secretary and a "special representative" on the governor's staff – a lady who believes her boss is "eminently qualified" to be President.

So goes the saga of the public interest in California.

ALAN ROSIN and ROBERT H. SIMMONS

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Vietnam: Study in Ironies

by Reinhold Niebuhr

We have cried to the world that we seek only "an honorable peace" in Vietnam, but it becomes more and more apparent that a peace which accords with our concept of honor is a peace which can be imposed only on a defeated enemy. General Westmoreland's purpose in coming to address both houses of Congress and to talk with the President was to appeal for even more troops, in order, as Rep. Mendel Rivers (D, S.C.), the chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, affirmed, "to bring the armies of North Vietnam to their knees."

The contradition between our ideal aims of a peace of conciliation and such an imposed peace, which only a defeated enemy would accept, can be understood only in the light of an ironic self-deception – ironic because we are the victims of our own ideology. We are a democratic nation whose power has grown to imperial proportions. We have made the mistake of being drawn into a civil war in an obscure nation of Southeast Asia, a mistake that has imperiled our imperial prestige. But in a democracy, particularly one with nostalgic visions of an early innocence, it is necessary to veil imperial and strategic interests behind "democratic" and ideal goals. Hence, this war is interpreted as an ideological struggle between the "free" world and the forces of communism. That means we must carve out of a nation which was united in its struggle against French imperialism, a new nation out of the southern sliver of a nation, the partition of which was ordained in the 1954 Geneva conference. Ho Chi Minh, regarded by the peasants of Vietnam as the George Washington of his nation, submitted to the partition because he hoped that the plebiscite promised in two years would result in the unity of the nation. But Ho Chi Minh is both a national patriot *and* a communist.

The communist ideology makes room for this double vocation in its concept of a "war of national liberation." Our ideology, on the other hand, defines him simply as a communist. We are rather unclear, since the Sino-Russian division, whether he is a tool of China or Russia. The more ignorant of our patriots make him a tool of China. Our former ambassador, Mr. Lodge, for instance, implied that he was a Chinese tool, though Vietnamese patriots have always regarded China with hatred and fear. More recently, when Chinese anarchy gave Russia the advantage in Asia, Russian sponsorship of the Vietnam "war of liberation" has become more obvious. Our airplanes have become increasingly the victims of Russian missiles, and the Russians have warned us that our escalation would prompt them to increase their aid to North Vietnam. So the war has become a contest between two nuclear imperial powers, who are, or have been, ironically, the tacit partners to prevent a nuclear catastrophe.

This irony is made more vivid if we remember that these two super-nations, both with power of imperial proportions dwarfing that of the 19th-century empires of European nations, are ideologically, that is, by definition, anti-imperialist. The USSR considers itself anti-imperialist because its dogma affirms that imperialism is the final fruit of capitalism; as it has abolished private property, it is therefore, by definition, innocent.

The US, on the other hand, believes itself anti-imperialist because its mass production in a hemispheric economy has made foreign markets unnecessary. We have forgotten our early expansive mood of "Manifest Destiny" and our brief period of overt imperialism after the Spanish-American War, when the Spanish possessions of Puerto Rico, Cuba, and Hawaii were thrown inadvertently into our lap. There was also the ideology, running from Jefferson to Wilson, which defined democracy as innocent of imperial moods and methods, much in the same way as communist ideology simply regarded its anti-capitalism as proof of its innocence of imperialism.

This problem of communist and democratic ideology is made more confusing by the claims of both camps that each is free, not only of the imperialist taint, but also free of *any* ideological taint in its view of the world. The US regards itself as innocent of ideology because a democracy presumably has the freedom to challenge all class ideologies in the free market of ideas. But we fail to recognize that this freedom does not include the capacity to refute our own pretensions in international relations.

In a national community, means of communication gradually erode the ideologies of subnational classes and ethnic groups. The sovereignty of the government is derived from the authority of the community itself. In Western Europe the unity of the community was

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achieved by the pre-democratic triumph of the national community over the divisive tendencies of dialects and tribal loyalties. It proved strong enough to manipulate equilibria of power in the interest of justice. Free societies finally allowed the class of industrial workers to organize and to bargain collectively – thus refuting the Marxist indictment that free governments merely were the stooges of the bourgeois class. This notable triumph of a democratic sovereign power made the Marxist dogma irrelevant in the whole of Western Europe.

But, while it is generally acknowledged in our western world that a free society is preferable to all forms of dictatorship, whether of the right or left, it is certainly ideological for us to regard a free democratic government as a simple historical possibility for all nations in all continents and in every stage of cultural and economic development. It is in this context that we must understand why and how we were drawn into the Vietnam "quagmire," on the basis of our imperial prestige and with our dubious use of this democratic ideology.

The French were expelled from their empire in Indochina by a communist-inspired "National Liberation" movement, a classical scheme of communist anti-imperialism. It inspired national patriotism in the three little nations of Indochina among the royal princes of Laos and Cambodia, as well as in the patriotic heart of Ho Chi Minh of Vietnam, that wily old communist who had been trained in Moscow. Communist ideology could differentiate between the communist and nationalist strands of motivation; but to *us* they all were simply communists.

These nationalists knew very well that we had supported the French financially, even though Eisenhower refused to give them logistic support in their last stand at Dien Bien Phu. The French premier, Mendès-France, capitulated at the Geneva conference in 1954. Cambodia and Laos were neutralized, but Vietnam provisionally was partitioned because it contained a resolute Mandarin class of landlords, incidentally Catholic in religion, and strongly anti-communist. Cardinal Spellman offered to finance the initial costs of moving Catholic families of the north to the south. As we know, many of the members of the military junta which rules South Vietnam today are northerners, as of course is Marshal Ky himself.

Ho Chi Minh reluctantly accepted the partition because he thought that the promised national plebiscite finally would unify the nation. But he did not count on American power and the provisional efficacy of our democratic ideology. We supported the regime of the Mandarin Ngo family with one brother, Diem, as president, and another brother, Nhu, as the chief organizer of its repression of Buddhist monks and peasants. Diem was hailed in the United States as "the Churchill of Asia." The Diem regime refused, with our connivance, to allow the plebiscite. It could not count on a majority. There were too many Buddhist monks and peasants in the south, not to speak of the communist nationalists, the Viet Cong. Following the end of the Diem regime in a bloody rebellion, the south has been ruled by various army juntas. Thus our façade of democracy has become very incredible, though the current junta head, Marshal Ky, dutifully brought with him to Guam the text of a new constitution and the implied promise of a future democratic election. Promised land reform has never been carried out. In short, we have a perfect caricature of democracy, which corresponds to the caricature of communist propaganda.

Eisenhower promised only financial aid to Saigon. Kennedy increased financial aid and American military advisers. It remained for President Johnson to escalate the war to horrible proportions, at the cost of thousands of American casualties and billions of dollars. All this is done in the name of "democracy," of "the principle of self-determination" and of "resisting aggression." The President assures us that, "we will not desert our friends or our principles." And Mr. Rusk tirelessly reiterates that we are only teaching people "to leave their neighbors alone." In short, this war has become monstrous in the cost of lives, in the effect on our "Great Society" program of rescuing urban centers of air and water pollution, and of validating our civil rights movement by offering our unemployed and technically uneducated Negro youth education which will render them employable in a technical economy.

The master politician in the White House has achieved a final irony in our "democratic" foreign policy. He has ordered a massive bombing of North Vietnam in order to force the adversary into an "honorable peace." In domestic terms this means, not an increase of our moral prestige in the world, but a peace which insures the mourning relatives of our dead soldiers that they have not died in vain. Any peace which carves out our domain in Vietnam, whether or not of democratic nature, will do – at least until the next election. Yet this massive bombing not only intensifies the odium in which we are held by the rest of the world, but also increases the danger of confrontation with either China or Russia.

A final ironic touch is given by the fact that only our plutocratic wealth allows us to commit these stupidities in international relations. If only we were a little poorer, we would have been prevented from committing these mistakes which cost billions in money. The lives of American soldiers are not to be computed in economic terms, and we might have spent the blood in a more straited economic circumstance. Perhaps the cost in lives must be attributed, not to our wealth, but to our self-righteousness.

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"Of Course, I'm No Psychiatrist"

by Robin Reisig and Roger Rapoport

The latest American Psychiatric Association survey ranks Alabama 50th in the number of licensed physicians, professional patient care personnel, and full-time employees per hundred resident mental patients. The state ranks 49th in average daily expenditure for maintenance ($3.20 per patient versus a $6.30 national average). Lurleen Wallace became so concerned that in late February she became the state's first governor to set foot on the ground of Bryce Mental Hospital in Tuscaloosa since "Big Jim" Folsom dropped by for ten minutes in the 40's. Mrs. Wallace fought back the tears during her visit; it was "very depressing," she said, "we must do something to help."

There's an old statute in Alabama that makes putting sane persons away about as tough as joining the Klan. To commit someone to Bryce or Searcy Mental Hospital at Mt. Vernon all you need is a cooperative physician (a hospital intern will do fine) and a sympathetic local probate judge. Legally the probate judge can commit a man he's never seen, without the testimony of a licensed psychiatrist, against the wishes of relatives, friends, or employers and without a jury. Although the press and Mrs. Wallace have chosen to ignore them, the consequences range from the bizarre to the tragic.

A 56-year-old Huntsville nuclear physicist, Bernard Porter, was arrested for public drunkenness, April 22, after he turned his ankle and stumbled during a walk. The confirmed teetotaler was held for 68 hours in the county jail without bond. Perplexed by Porter's intellectual talk in jail, the police dropped the drunkenness charge, had him declared "insane" and whisked him off to Bryce, April 25. Astonished hospital officials found "no evidence of mental illness" and released him May 16, after keeping him for the legally required three-week minimum.

Less fortunate is Inez Pruitt, a 44-year-old Mobile Negro, who was committed to Searcy, May 24. She has not been released. Of the two cases Porter's is the more astonishing, if only because mistreatment of Negro women is a familiar story.

Bernard Porter makes a comfortable living working in the liability section of the government's Saturn V space project for a prominent engineering firm. He had worked under Einstein, Oppenheimer, and Lawrence; helped to pioneer in the construction of the nation's first atomic bomb during World War II and authored more than 40 books. He is listed in *Who's Who*.

Walking to his office, April 22 (he does not own a car), the physicist was touring a new construction site for a parking ramp in the downtown area about a mile from his home. Clad in old clothes and a pair of loose-fitting shoes, Porter stumbled over uneven ground, turned his ankle, waved his arms violently to keep his balance, just as a Madison County sheriff's patrol car rounded the corner. Sheriff's deputy D. C. Nickerson, who was manning the car, reports that Porter "just didn't look right. You can tell this sort of thing when you're in the business a while."

Nickerson stopped Porter and "smelled his breath. I didn't smell any alcohol. But I figured he was on dope," explains Nickerson, a former missile technician at the Redstone Arsenal who switched to police work because he "enjoys working with people." Porter was charged with public drunkenness and taken to the county jail on the tenth floor of the city's new $4.5-million bronze and black county building. The police refused to give him a blood test or let him make a phone call. Porter was held in the drunk tank and claims that several police officers threw him about the cell, choked him, and molested his sex organs. The police deny it but say that they did put him in solitary the next day "for his own protection."

After nine hours Porter was allowed one phone call. He called Jerry Crabtree, the county sheriff who is his landlord's son-in-law and a personal acquaintance. Porter asked for a blood test, X ray of his injured left arm, and a medical examination. Crabtree agreed to the blood test (the results were never released) and the X ray (no broken arm). Later that day, April 23, Porter was visited by a Huntsville physician, Himan Miller. Dr. Miller began by pointing to Porter's red neck and asking if he "had been out in the sun lately." Porter explained the bout in the cell. Dr. Miller then began probing into Porter's psyche. Porter told about his nine-month visit to Hiroshima in 1946. He talked of his artistic interests, his friends in Greenwich Village. It developed that Porter and Miller had studied physics under the same Brown University professor, Carl Miller, in the 30's. But the relationship cut no ice with Miller. The doctor wrote out an application for Porter's admission to Bryce explaining that the scientist had "delusions of grandeur, persecutory delusions, disjointed speech," was "suspicious, hostile, confused,"

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an "acute psychotic" and a "paranoid." Miller added that the illness was of "indeterminate" duration, that it was "unknown" whether Porter had ever been in a mental hospital before, and that the cause of insanity was "undetermined."

The next day Miller submitted his statement to Madison County Probate Judge Ashford Todd. The judge agreed to commit Porter solely on Miller's word. Todd is so old that he "will not discuss" his age, walks haltingly around his court, and is hard of hearing. When asked if Porter was mentally ill, Judge Todd said: "I never met him, but I assume so."

Porter was driven to Bryce where he was placed in the "most disturbed" admission ward nicknamed the "bullpen." Four days later he was transferred from the dark, dingy ward to a better one. He spent most of his time painting nearly a mile and a half of woodwork. He attended a "well-organized" class on psychology and soon became the talk of the wards. "We thought he was a genius," says one hospital official; "we'd never met anybody like that before. It was like catching the big fish in the pond." Staff psychiatrist William B. Robinson examined Porter, found no mental illness and released him May 16. When an effort was made to question Dr. Miller about this contradiction he refused to discuss the matter with reporters. "The doctor cannot discuss Mr. Porter with you because that would be violating the confidential doctor-patient relationship," explained Dr. Miller's secretary.

After his release Porter returned to his job. He sought legal aid to begin a false arrest suit but couldn't find a Huntsville lawyer willing to take the case. Porter also wrote a letter to the superintendent of Bryce Hospital, suggesting that "after I had been held in jail for 68 hours and it became clear that I do not drink and was not drunk, the only way to clear the jail records and get me out, since the police could not very well take me into court, was to send me to your hospital where I arrived with nothing wrong with me and where I continued so for 21 days. In effect I took up your service time, ate your food and occupied a bed for no valid reason, all aids needed by some deserving patient." Porter suggested that the hospital investigate "this fraud" and charge Madison County "for the full range of 21 days service." The hospital chose not to pursue the matter.

Porter was fortunate to have been committed to the better of Alabama's two state mental hospitals. Bryce has 22 MD's (five psychiatrists) to care for 5,000 patients (400 of them Negroes who live in segregated buildings where they help do the hospital wash). Searcy has five MD's to care for 2,500 Negroes; none is a psychiatrist. Bryce has six psychologists to Searcy's one, 18 social workers to Searcy's three, 30 registered nurses to Searcy's four. None of the doctors, social workers or registered nurses at either hospital is Negro. One official who has worked closely with the hospitals says that Searcy gets about $2 a day per patient from the state, and Bryce gets over $4 a day per patient.

The Story of Miss Pruitt

Yes, says Miss Pruitt, the 44-year-old Negro cripple, conditions at Searcy are "very rough." She has been at the hospital since Mobile County Probate Judge John L. Moore sent her there, May 24, on the testimony of a hospital intern and three welfare officials.

Miss Pruitt has had a crippled left hand and leg since childhood. She had an operation for cancer of the left leg at Mobile General Hospital last November. In February, she spent a month in the hospital with pneumonia, and after her release began working several days a week as a housekeeper for Mrs. Darlene Alford of nearby Wilmer. But Miss Pruitt's left leg started swelling, and on May 12 she went to see Dr. William Thomas, an intern at Mobile General, who had attended her during the surgery.

"I told her she shouldn't work for a month, but stay off the leg and keep it propped up," the doctor recalls. When Miss Pruitt said she couldn't afford to quit working, Thomas gave her a statement to prove her medical disability, so she could qualify for welfare. Miss Pruitt went to the welfare office and gave the medical statement to her caseworker, Miss Carolyn Gideon. There are different versions of what happened next. According to Miss Pruitt, the caseworker "told me that I couldn't have any welfare money, that I was faking and that I could really work. She made fun of my condition. When she raised a leg to kick me, I lost my temper and hit her with my umbrella. I apologized afterwards."

Miss Gideon denies abusing Miss Pruitt or trying to kick her. Miss Pruitt "did not hurt me with the umbrella," Miss Gideon adds. Welfare authorities arranged to have the police pick up Miss Pruitt and take her to Mobile General, May 19. There she was examined by Dr. Thomas. "I looked her over and classified her a paranoid schizophrenic," the doctor recalls. "Of course," he adds jokingly "I'm no psychiatrist." After being examined, Miss Pruitt was taken to the Holcumbe Medical Unit, the psychiatric department of Mobile General. Normally Holcumbe patients are examined by a visiting psychiatrist before they are committed to Searcy. But Dr. Ronald B. Mershon, Holcumbe's visiting psychiatrist for May, says "I don't know her. I never saw the lady." Was this proper procedure in such a case? "Our interns are very good," says Dr. Mershon, "and the head nurse at Holcumbe is as good as some of the psychiatrists." Still, "normally, there would have to be an OK from relatives

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to commit her [Miss Pruitt]. I've never heard of a case handled like this."

Miss Doris Bender, head of the Mobile welfare office says that under Alabama law, applicants must be "permanently disabled" to qualify for welfare: "By putting her in Searcy, we may be able to get medical evidence that can get her on welfare for the rest of her life." However, state law stipulates that patients in mental institutions cannot receive welfare.

Miss Pruitt's sister and her landlady, who both opposed committing her (they were not consulted by the court) have been trying to get the lady out, without success. Mrs. Alford of Wilmer, who hired Miss Pruitt after the operation, declared flatly that she is "not crazy. In fact she's the best housekeeper I've ever had."

Reporters willing to make the trip to Searcy, an old Civil War fort 25 miles north of Mobile, can hear Miss Pruitt's story firsthand. She is brought into a small visiting room under guard, nurses keep an eye on her. Miss Pruitt is holding up well so far, although she is worried because the hospital confiscated her medication for the bad leg and high blood pressure. They have refused to let her stay on a special low-salt diet. After telling about herself Miss Pruitt asks if you might be able to give her "a dime for a coke." She smiles as you hurriedly hand over 50 cents in change and leaves quietly, exclaiming, "I'm not crazy, but if they keep this up, I'm sure going to end up crazy."

Gathering Storm over DDT

by Frank Graham Jr.

Again this year, Wisconsin's Senator Gaylord Nelson has introduced a long-shot bill to ban the manufacture of the pesticide DDT for use in this country. It languishes in the Agriculture Committee. No hearings have been scheduled.

What conservationists and many scientists object to are not pesticides *per se*. Modern agriculture and forestry could not survive without the control of pest populations. They object to the pesticides which do not break down, which persist in the environment for years and accumulate in the brains and fatty tissues of warm-blooded animals. DDT is the cheapest, and therefore the most widely used, of these persistent pesticides.

In 1963 President Kennedy's Science Advisory Committee recommended a reduction in the use of DDT and its close chemical relatives. "Elimination of the use of persistent toxic pesticides should be the goal," the committee's report said. Subsequently, Secretary Stewart L. Udall issued an order banning the use of DDT on Department of the Interior lands, whenever other chemicals could do the job. Governor John W. King of New Hampshire banned DDT on state lands, as did New York in its lake trout watersheds. Michigan and Minnesota have reduced their use of DDT on state lands; Connecticut has prohibited all aerial spraying of DDT; and last year the US Forest Service banned this pesticide from most of its spray programs. Nevertheless, it is still widely used.

One Florida official explains: "We have no control over local option. In many cases, communities make up their own minds, and they tend to go with the cheapest product in their mosquito control programs."

"Some towns here make an appropriation for spraying," says Allen Morgan of the Massachusetts Audubon Society, "and then shop around to get the *most* spray for their money."

It is this philosophy – "if a little spray does a good job, more spray will do a better job" – that has compounded the problem. Because DDT builds up in the bodies of wildlife, even light applications may spread enormous destruction through the environment. For instance, the application of only one-half pound of DDT an acre in New Brunswick forests drastically reduced the salmon population in nearby waters and decreased reproductive success among woodcocks. DDT caused complete reproductive failure among lake trout in Lake George, N. Y. Applied at the rate of only two-tenths of a pound an acre in tidal salt marshes along the Atlantic Coast, it caused "substantial mortality" among fish, shrimp and annelid worms.

The use of DDT on the campus at Michigan State University wiped out the robins there. The analyses of leaves, soil, earthworms and robins proved that DDT traveled in increasing concentrations through this

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"food chain." Robins continued to die off at Michigan State in the spring of 1964, even though the last DDT application had been made there a year and a half before. Analysis confirmed that earthworms were still "heavily contaminated with DDT."

No one is quite sure how DDT kills, but it is known to affect the central nervous system. "In general, if an organism has nerves," says biochemist Dr. Charles F. Wurster of the New York State University, "DDT can kill it." Its acute effects are not nearly as severe as those of many other pesticides. Human beings actually have eaten small quantities with little or no discomfort (although the practice is not recommended), and often wildlife losses immediately after a DDT spraying seem insignificant. But DDT retains its toxicity long after many other poisons have disappeared.

Effects on the "Chain of Life"

Perhaps the first serious doubts about DDT arose with the discovery that the housefly had developed immunity to it. (Now over 30 species of *major* pests, according to Dr. Robert L. Rudd of the University of California, are resistant to DDT.) Insects develop resistance in various ways, chiefly through the creation of detoxifying enzymes.

In the late 1950's, troubling discoveries were made about DDT's effects on the "chain of life." Briefly, this had to do with DDT's unfortunate tendency to accumulate in the fatty tissues of wildlife. The classic example occurred at California's Clear Lake in 1957. There the water was found to contain only .02 parts per million of DDD, a pesticide very similar to DDT in its composition and effects. Microscopic plants and animals in the water stored residues at five parts per million. Yet fish, eating large quantities of the microscopic plants and animals, concentrated these residues to over 2,000 parts per million. Grebes (diving birds closely allied to the loons) which fed on those fish died in great numbers.

DDT was found to persist in some areas for more than ten years. In New York State's heavily sprayed apple orchards, DDT residues accumulated in the soil in amounts varying from 35 to 113 pounds an acre. Elsewhere, the US Fish and Wildlife Service detected amounts up to 170 pounds an acre.

Not even the highly acclaimed monitoring programs had given us a true picture of the extent to which DDT has been absorbed by the environment. Water monitoring devices often detected insignificant traces of DDT. Yet oysters were found to have collected and stored considerable residues when living in water that contained only 10 parts DDT in a *trillion* parts of water. Oysters stored the toxin in levels 70,000 times greater than that in the water around them! Alarming effects gradually showed up in the birds, fish and animals at the "top" of the food chain. Birds, which ate the insects that had fed on DDT-sprayed foliage, gradually accumulated DDT far in excess of the amounts that would have proved fatal if administered all at once. DDT was found consistently in the "infertile" eggs of these birds. In times of stress, when the birds drew on the resources of their body fat, the DDT released in the process killed them almost immediately. Similar effects were observed by the Fish and Wildlife Service among fish, who suddenly died three months after being exposed to DDT.

The bald eagle, once a familiar sight along the Atlantic Coast, has almost stopped breeding between Florida and Maine. Large quantities of DDT have been found in the brains of dead and stricken eagles; of the 53 active nests examined by National Audubon Society experts in Maine two years ago, only four of the nests contained young.

The peregrine falcon has disappeared as a breeding bird from the entire eastern US, and conservationists predict that our majestic fish hawk, the osprey, will be extirpated from Connecticut by 1970. Evidence suggests DDT is the prime villain in each case.

According to one sportsman's magazine, hunters in the West, particularly Idaho, have been advised to trim off the fatty parts of deer and elk because of high concentrations of DDT. Secretary Udall has warned that "if the levels of pesticide residues in game birds continue to rise, thousands of acres of prime wildlife habitat may have to be closed to hunting."

Of the 50-odd leading chemical manufacturers in this country, only seven continue to produce DDT. Both the federal and state governments turn increasingly to other chemicals. New York, for instance, uses Malathion as a substitute for DDT in its lake trout watersheds and Sevin in its Gypsy Moth control program.

"The chlorinated hydrocarbon pesticides like DDT used to be the dollars-and-cents item of the manufacturers," says Eugene Kenaga of the Dow Chemical Company. "But they are declining in relative sales in the United States for a couple of reasons. One is that so many insects like mosquitoes have developed resistance to them, and the other is their effect on the chain of life. If DDT were expensive, it would be discarded tomorrow."

But it is not. The price of DDT averages about 18 cents a pound. Many available substitutes cost four times that amount, and others as much as $2.50 a pound. Moreover, few pesticides are as effective as DDT against a wide range of insects (although resistance has cut into this asset). To protect their crops, farmers feel they would have to apply a variety of chemicals where DDT once did the job alone.

Meanwhile, industry has been reluctant to invest heavily in possible substitutes. To develop a new pesti-

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cide, which satisfies the rigid requirements established by the Department of Agriculture after the uproar caused by Rachael Carson's *Silent Spring*, may cost a company as much as $2 million.

Progress has been made where federal money speeds the development of new toxins to control insect pests known to menace food crops or pulpwood. There is still no completely satisfactory substitute for DDT, however, in controlling the Dutch Elm Disease. Since this is a local problem, always attacked by local funds (federal funds have not been available), it remains one of our most spectacular pesticide problems. DDT takes a heavy toll among robins and other songbirds along the streets of our towns and suburbs.

While federal agencies have turned to substitutes for DDT, their spray programs account for only five percent of the pesticides used in this country. Most of the remainder is applied by farmers, who would rather fight than switch. "With all the good it did in the past, it's a shame to attack DDT now," says Denis Hayley of the National Association of Chemical Manufacturers.

DDT's defenders repeatedly attribute its harmful effects to careless application. This defense misses the point. There can be *no* safe application of persistent pesticides outdoors. It is estimated that only about one-half of the DDT sprayed by planes ever reaches its target. The rest is held in suspension in the air, its destination controlled by the next puff of wind. And because it does not break down, it circles freely and interminably. For example, Elbert C. Taylor of the US Public Health Service recently reported that the "air over many communities is contaminated with substantial amounts of a wide variety of insecticides." The primary sources of this pollution are the agricultural lands around a community, as at Fort Valley, Ga., which is surrounded by peach orchards. DDT was found in *every* sample of air analyzed there.

It Persists in Water

Because of its oil solvent, DDT is fat soluble and floats on the surface of our waters. Wildlife, like reptiles or wading birds which often break the surface of the water, is affected by it. That it persists in water has been proved in Massachusetts, where the inhabitants of local towns along the Assabet-Concord-Sudbury River system worried about the effects of DDT. They cut their application from 6,000 pounds in 1962 to 100 pounds in 1964. Yet careful analysis of the river water showed DDT residues dropped by only 60 percent during that period.

Since scientists tell us that we must increasingly look to the ocean as a source of food for our exploding population, the report issued on December 31, 1966 by the Department of Nutritional Science at the University of California takes on added significance. That report disclosed that "DDT and its analogues are now widely distributed throughout the Pacific Basin. . . . Marine fish carry as much, or, in some cases, more pesticides of the DDT family than many fresh water fishes." "Comparatively high" residues were found in mackerel, hake, anchovies, perch and tuna, as well as in shearwaters, the pelagic "muttonbirds" which are eaten by human beings in the Southern Hemisphere.

Dow, du Pont, Union Carbide and other leading chemical firms *are* developing alternatives to DDT. "Tordon," a herbicide developed by Dow and used in Vietnam, is so persistent that plants will not grow for two or three years where it is applied. Yet it does not accumulate in animal tissues. Fish exposed to it show no higher levels than the surrounding water. Whether it will wipe out the plankton on which the fish feed remains to be seen.

The chief requisite for the proper control of pest populations is an understanding of ecology – the science which deals with the interrelationships of living things and their environment. To date, pest control has drawn mostly on the sciences of physics, genetics, chemistry.

Many communities have canceled their appropriations for mosquito control programs which use DDT. Citizens, banded into committees or conservation organizations, have protested the use of DDT by city and state officials in wildlife habitats. In Maine, sportsmen forced the state to keep DDT away from Lake Sebago; and fish and game authorities report the lake salmon there have made a strong comeback.

The most celebrated private act to date has been the suit filed by a Patchogue, Long Island, couple against the Suffolk County Mosquito Control Commission. Mrs. Carol Yannacone, through her lawyer husband, recently obtained a preliminary injunction against the commission to halt its use of DDT. The plaintiffs contend that "the potential ecological magnification of the effects and concentrations of such chlorinated hydrocarbon pesticides will adversely affect the people of Suffolk County . . . either personally or through the destruction of the natural resources of the county, particularly the fish and wildlife thereof."

The Yannacones supported their complaint with the testimony of a number of game management experts, biologists and ecologists. State Supreme Court Justice Jack Stanislaw announced that he was completely satisfied that the scientific evidence was an overwhelming indictment of DDT as a serious environmental poison. He added that he, as a gentleman farmer, would stop using DDT on his own lands. He has under study a ruling on the constitutional issue raised by Mrs. Yannacone that her rights under the "due process" clause would be violated by the further use of DDT.

Meanwhile, there is Senator Nelson's bill.

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN *Torn Loose*

The history of fiction by American Negroes can be divided, roughly, into four periods. The first was the servile period: Negro authors writing "white" or in dialect that tickled the whites and, in both styles, treating race problems in ways that assumed solutions within the status quo. This was the longest period. The second began with Richard Wright's *Native Son* (1940), which, for the first time said effectively, "Keep your pity. Keep your interest in our quaint folkways. Change things; or watch out." The third period began with Ralph Ellison's *Invisible Man* (1952), a work of much more sophisticated intellect and talent than Wright's, which, in addition to its intrinsic achievements, signaled clearly that the day of any kind of patronization of Negro writers was over. Now I think the fourth period is beginning: with the publication of *The Flagellants* by Carlene Hatcher Polite.*

The transitions sketched above came from two twined causes. The first was the literary evolution of the century that has affected, one way or another, all writers. On the literary score alone this new novel is a stunning accomplishment. Its author has evidently read Ellison and Miller and Burroughs and several contemporary French novelists, but it bursts out with its own innate force. Miss Polite is not a blend of influences; she *is*. As a writer, Negro or not, she is immediately, irruptively, lyrically herself. Of course her "Negritude" cannot be sliced off neatly from her writing, any more than any author's self exists independently of what he does; but, again as with most good writers, her writing has a life of its own, a life within the larger life of the work for which it is employed.

The second cause of historical change in Negro writers has been the change in general Negro status, aspiration, and self-image. On this score, Miss Polite's novel speaks out of the hot heart of the moment – the post-civil-rights moment. It deals with a young Negro couple in New York who exemplify the times torn loose. These two are past freedom marches, highway lie-downs, and petitions. Implicitly they have seen, and seen the end of, all those necessary but insufficient overt actions. They exemplify the intelligent, educated, sensitive young American Negro at a time when the civil-rights machine has ground up to a plateau and collapsed; when he has been liberated to a larger and, in a way, more galling imprisonment; when the barriers are not Colored and White toilets or the freeze of headwaiters but the fundamental un-"protestable" psychic state of the white; when, too, Negroes must face their own psyches, molded by the American past and the whitewashed American present. They have been liberated to their own species of 20th-century alienation.

Thus my belief that Miss Polite's novel is a marker at the start of a new period in Negro fiction: not "better" than Ellison but different, fiction in which conventional political action (and concomitant Negro religious resonances) – so cogent in *Invisible Man*, even as a source of disillusion – has declined in relevance. The burden and the possibilities are now internal. It is the *naked* Negro of whom Miss Polite writes, shorn yesterday of class acceptance and now shorn of class protest. It is only too obvious that the Negro is not today a fully franchised American citizen, but today the young educated Negro is enlightened and angered and disgusted in depths and on heights that disdain both the past and the present.

The flagellants of the book's title are a girl named Ideal and a young poet named Jimson. They live in a Greenwich Village apartment into which she moved after Jimson's wife left. They both have come from elsewhere: she from a Southern slum full of ecstatic preachers and filth, he from a hated background of tip-cadging servility. The drama boils out of their passion for each other, their passions for and against the world, the realizations of their differing impotences and their refusal to accept them. Flagellation is the tonality. They flagellate each other with their states of being (although they whack each other physically from time to time, too). The story as such consists only of Jimson's moving from one job to another, of their quarrels in beds and in bars, a stagy suicide attempt, a party, their inevitable parting. The real story is in what they are: twin Prometheuses chained to the rock of the American 60's, with the eagle of expanded consciousness tearing at their livers. Their agony comes from their presumption in defying the gods – not of status quo but of conventional progress.

Ideal and Jimson, who are the only characters of consequence in the book, emerge through their quarrels, polemics, fantasies. Thematically they epitomize the opposition of two cardinal Negro myths fashioned by three hundred years of American-white conditioning: the myth of the Negro phallus, the myth of the Negro bosom and vagina. Mythical Negro male sexuality is, as has often been noted, a powerful psychical factor in white men and women, and not only in the South. The "mammy" function of the Negro woman has also been a formative factor in the American white psyche – again not only in the South. (When I was a child, many of the "sleep-in" maids in white middle-class Northern urban homes were black.) So the "black titty" (Miss Polite's phrase) is a subconscious power in America. As for the Negro vagina, in the aspect of myth it is, paradoxically, the *enemy* of the Negro phallus myth. To the Negro woman, the Negro man is a poor figure. To the white man and woman, he is devilish or desirable: the fierce-fornicating buck. But the Negro woman sees him as her inferior, less than fully male because of his acceptance of his social position. This fundamental view (no matter how much she loves him) can spur him to greater sexual deeds because at least the bed belongs to him, but no matter how

(Continued on page 36)

* *The Flagellants* by Carlene Hatcher Polite (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $4.95)

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"Let's Lynch Lucy"

by Richard Gilman

Philip Roth's new novel is a puzzle, but a puzzle having to do with the beleaguered life of literature, not with any internal conundrums or opacities. The book is for the most part as straightforward a tale as anyone might want. What is enigmatic is its origins, its impulses, what it wishes to live as, how it hopes to take hold of an audience and what it considers its proper audience to be; how, finally, it came to be written at all in a period when books like it would seem to have no plausibility as serious literature. *When She Was Good* is old-fashioned in such a relentless way, with such thoroughness and so much apparent indifference to present-day notions of fictional art, that it is already being proclaimed as a significant coup, a noteworthy stroke of personal genius and integrity defying trend and fashion.

When She Was Good
by Philip Roth
(Random House; $5.95)

Roth's previous work entitles him to the benefit of every doubt. He has been one of our more talented younger writers, justly recognized for his good ear, his mordant domestic humor, his wry sense of Jewish-Americanism as a half alienation, half driving urgency toward a gross assimilation. If he hasn't been avant-garde, he has not been retrograde; if he hasn't been greatly original, neither has he been false. And yet his new book doesn't begin to convince as the work of a writer these things might suggest: an independent, dedicated traditionalist for whom éclat and experiment are shunned in the interest of some sober, necessary, familiar truth.

It doesn't convince at all, except in that realm of shadow play where fiction arises as a fulfillment of some extra-literary aspiration or as a relief from some extra-aesthetic pressure. In this case Roth appears to have written a book that springs from both such origins simultaneously. As a flawed but energetic melodrama on the highest level of ladies magazine fiction, the novel is likely to have a good sale; and as the working out of some private grief or resentment it seems entirely adequate to its purposes. These are speculations, guesses at an author's motives of the kind reviewers are not supposed to make. I make them, since otherwise I can't account for the novel's existence, so lacking is it in any true literary interest. Writers as good as Roth don't often go as blind as this in their pursuit of literature . . . so one has to conclude that it isn't literature Roth is after here.

One thing he does seem to be after is a new scene. He has located his fiction in the midwest before, but it was a midwest inhabited, temporarily, mostly by easterners, and generally Jews at that, a long jump from Sherwood Anderson or Edgar Lee Masters. The new novel is all midwest, its events anchored geographically in several fictitious Illinois towns and its dramatis personae composed of quintessential midwesterners whose unmysterious – though not necessarily unneurotic – lives unfold among quintessential American artifacts and rituals: cars whose main use is for necking, drive-ins, soda fountains, high school football games, barbecues, parades. Like a naturalist on safari to a region unfamiliar to him but exhaustively charted by others, Roth pounces on these flora and fauna for his novelistic, or more accurately cautionary purposes. *When She Was Good* is essentially a cautionary tale, its subject being American bitchery and feminine puritanism, and that it is set in the midwest is no crucial consideration. Roth doesn't use the midwestern data for any of the purposes one keeps thinking he is going to: for his own Americanization, so to speak, his imaginative acclimatization to another, alien and thus liberating weather; or for the springing free of insights into how America functions, mythically and also at the dead center of its prosaic reality. He simply tells a story in a 19th-century manner, shaping a family melodrama whose connections with actuality, with the shapes, movements and language of its chosen scene, are subordinated throughout to the urgency of its special distress and special pleading. There is no irony, no cosmopolite's view of midland existence, for example, but there is no thick, complex, direct rendering of native American experience either.

Roth's protagonist is a girl named Lucy Nelson, whose childhood has been lived out in the presence of that classic American figure, the weak, alcoholic father. But in a departure from stereotype, Lucy's mother is also weak, so that the girl grows up with a rising compulsion to insert her own strength into the vacuum. As it turns out, her strength is really a species of vindictive, hysterical fury; at one crucial point, when she is about fifteen, she has her father jailed for a minor assault on the mother, and this event broods heavily, and murkily, over her subsequent development (source of guilt? controlling metaphor?) and the development of Roth's story. In her brief life she becomes the nemesis of all straying, imprudent, indecisive, unheroic men – "Saint Ballbreaker," someone ultimately calls her.

At eighteen she becomes pregnant by a young ex-serviceman (the time is just after World War II) and marries him against her sense of his weakness and unlikely prospects. He is indeed

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weak, but it is the rather amiable weakness of unfocused ambition and perpetual boyishness. His favorite snack is Hydrox cookies and milk; watching his old high school football team and the band practice for Saturday's game, "for the hour of the day, for the time of his life, for this America where it is all peacefully and naturally happening, he feels an emotion at once so piercing and so buoyant it can only be described as love." And he thinks of his "whole life ahead of him. A whole future in which he could be and do anything he wanted." What this turns out to be after his marriage is a grubby career as a photographer's assistant, a life which sets him dreaming more grandiosely than ever.

Against these reveries Lucy opposes the whole force of her righteousness and narrow values. Disliked and mistrusted by her husband's relatives, she tells herself that "I am their superior in every single way! People can call me all the names they want – I don't care! I have nothing to confess, because I am right and they are wrong and I will not be destroyed!" But of course she is brought down, by her own moral malady, her insistence on certain abstract and illiberal virtues: marital fidelity, husbandly ambition, "honesty" of a kind suitable only to saints or prigs. As her bewildered husband struggles in her net she grows more and more entrenched in a conviction of martyrdom: "Why were they against a family, and a home, and love? Why were they against a beautiful life, and for an ugly one? Why did they fight her and mistreat her and deny her, when all she wanted was what was right!" In the end she drives her husband to flight after a furious denunciation – "You weak, hopeless, spineless coward!" – and in pursuit of him and their small son (she seems to be as enraged by her husband's leaving her as by his failure to make her happy; both are aspects of his delinquency) undergoes a mental breakdown and finally an ugly death at twenty-two.

With the exception of a long introductory section in flashback, in which the girl's grandfather recapitulates his own troubled youth and his daughter's and son-in-law's early married life, the book proceeds in regimental narrative fashion. There are no surprises, no revelations; there is simply the steady tightening of the screw of melodrama and along with it a steady but unavailing effort to make melodrama yield up moral truth. For while Roth isn't hortatory, the moral significance of his tale lies outside its imaginative action, as its aim instead of its texture, so that the novel comes finally to argue a world rather than constituting one. As I have said, Roth's midwest has only the skimpiest, imaginative status, since there is no attitude towards it except as the scene of this particular horror story, no novelistic point of view (melodrama can be partly defined as literature that lacks a point of view) from which it may be surveyed and in whose light it might be transformed. All craft, sight and detailing energy having gone into the creation of the book's cautionary portraits; in the end the novel's site is much less background than backdrop.

Verbally one encounters a basic "story-teller's style," suitable no doubt to the material but in no way superior to it and therefore incapable of making it issue in its own best guises. Occasionally Roth does strike into comedy of the kind he has always been best at – a scene of attempted seduction in an automobile is quite deft and amusing – but for the most part his rhetoric travels between a slightly agitated, slightly self-conscious sobriety and a heavy use of cliché – "right off the bat," "every Tom, Dick and Harry," "no easy row to hoe," "gift of gab,"

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etc. – which comes forth as his own voice and is not designed to frame character, and which one studies in vain for any sign of ironic intention.

Irony, or satire, is still a possibility as Roth's overarching plan. The dust jacket (that source of priceless information) does tell us that *When She Was Good* is both "satiric" and "serious" in its portrait of Lucy Nelson. And when one comes upon a passage like this: "He had fled further north! To Canada! Beyond the reaches of the law! He had stolen Edward! He had abandoned her!" the ground of such an interpretation seems to form itself. Yet if Roth is clearly being satiric here, it remains a local matter, the use merely of one more weapon in the arsenal he has brought to bear upon his bitch-heroine. In addition to everything else, he is saying, she is given to outrageously pompous and stilted utterance, one more aspect of her unreality. But the novel remains her straightforward story, undistinguished, lax and obvious.

It has been said that Roth's accomplishment is to have succeeded here in "dealing with" a species of American our fiction has been ignoring: plain, ordinary creatures of the center, leading flat, linear lives which totally lack the sort of exotic complications that recent fiction has been feeding on. The answer to this, I would think, is that fiction for a long time now hasn't been in the business of "getting" anybody, of doing portraiture or serving as an adjunct to sociology. Good fiction, that is, fiction as an art; as something else, as a peek behind the blinds or the elaboration of emotional myths or a letter to the world about its rotten state, fiction keeps right on doing business with the neighbors. This is what keeps Womrath's bookstore prosperous, but it is a shame to see a proven artist like Philip Roth about to contribute to the process.

Mr. Day Lewis' Pale Fire

by John Wain

I suppose the name "MacSpaunday" is now buried in literary history; it was Roy Campbell's satiric name for the composite English poet of the thirties; Campbell's way of saying that from the point of view of someone like himself, a right-wing traditionalist, there was nothing to choose between Auden, Spender, MacNeice and Day Lewis.

Selected Poems
by C. Day Lewis
(Harper & Row; $5)

Even in those days that was not true, unless one took the line that their left-wing and generally "progressive" attitudes were all equally worthless; and time has sundered them still further. MacNeice is dead; Auden has completely changed his character as a poet; Day Lewis, who took his cue from Auden more mechanically than any of the others, now takes an entirely different set of cues; only Spender appears to me to be still on what is recognizably the same trajectory as he was then.

These reflections are prompted by reading Mr. Day Lewis' *Selected Poems*, a severely pruned selection from forty years' work. The author has had the good sense to realize that most of his rather large output has not stood the test of time, and yet it is a pity, in some ways, that he did not gather up his complete works and throw them at us, with all the absurdities and extravagances, rather in the manner of an unabashed roarer like Hugh McDiarmid. Day Lewis' incredibly naïve Marxist poems of the thirties, for instance, with their blend of camp-fire heartiness and industrial imagery, do at least bring back the excitement of the period, whereas the well-bred and flavorless snippets, which are all he has allowed himself to salvage from those years, convey nothing at all.

The thirties, in English writing, have not worn well; Isherwood's Berlin stories are as fresh as ever, so are early Auden and George Orwell; MacNeice's poems, hard and unspectacu-

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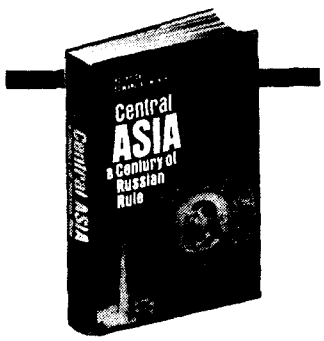

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lar pieces of granite, are untouched by the weather: anything else? Topicality, like a relentless termite, eats all the soft wood; the crash of 1929, the gathering of the forces of the Left, the whipping-up of hopes for a free and equal society purged of privilege and miserliness, all these seemed to lead writers into a frenzy of saying what they wanted to hear themselves saying, rather than what they found to be true. Stephen Spender's first volume, for instance, his *Poems* of 1933, rings very true when he is talking about personal matters, a young man's discovery of the world; the false note only intrudes in poems where he feels he *must*, as a duty, express pious progressive sentiments and hopes for the future. So that a simple, unpretentious personal poem like "Marston, in the grate dropping it, broke his pipe," tells one far more about being young in 1933 than a "correct" utterance like "oh young men, oh young comrades." As always, it is the *voulu* poem that attracts to itself whatever is false in imagery and inert in rhythm; like all poets of the thirties, or any other time, the early Spender is bad when he is letting the "climate of opinion" do his thinking and feeling for him, as in "The Funeral," where the departed comrade is thanked for having upped production by one percent and for having been "One cog in a golden and singing hive" – if he hadn't been carried away by the rhetoric of the period, would he not have stopped to think that a cog in a hive is as absurd as a bee in a machine?

Elsewhere, Spender is a genuine, Shelleyan lyric poet, and I bring him in here because, with all his occasional clumsiness and woodenness of form, Spender always strikes one as a writer for whom poetry is the natural mode of expression, a true poet even if sometimes a bad one, whereas in the case of Day Lewis the puzzle is to decide what gave him the idea of writing poetry in the first place; he seems to have so little natural impulse towards it; except for that brief flowering in *Word Over All* (1943), everything he writes gives the impression of having been imitated from some other poet.

The early poems, of course, come out of Auden, and one reason why they are unsatisfactory is that it is a marriage of incompatibles. Auden, with his showy energy, his try-anything-once cockiness, was a wonderfully stimulating young poet, whereas Day Lewis' natural tone is quiet and rather mournful. The jamming-together of the two is disastrous, and it is not much better when Day Lewis decides for a change to write like MacNeice (as in "Newsreel" of this book). These poets could get away with verbal smartness; Day Lewis couldn't, and when he tried he produced mixed metaphors that tangled each other and fell with a thud:

> "And I should be no Solomon to look
> My Sheba in the mouth."

This kind of thing went on until the

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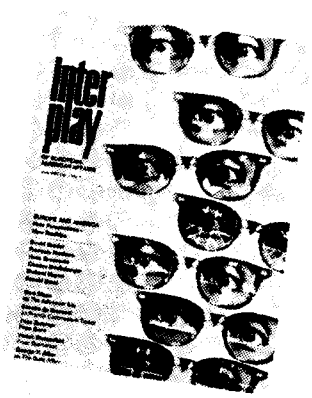

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early forties, when Mr. Day Lewis, with a sudden leap, emancipated himself and produced a genuinely interesting and original collection, *Word Over All*. Apart from the title, which is a quotation from Whitman, there is very little sign in this volume of dependence on other poets; the manner is still recognizably that of the thirties, but – in such poems as "Departure in the Dark" – it is deeper and stronger, and above all it is individual. That poem begins well –

"Nothing so sharply reminds a man
he is mortal
As leaving a place
In a winter morning's dark, the air
on his face
Unkind as the touch of sweating
metal:
Simple goodbyes to children or
friends become
A felon's numb
Farewell, and love that was a warm,
a meeting-place –
Love is the suicide's grave under the
nettles."

– and it goes on well. So do the bulk of the poems in that book, notably "The Assertion" and "Reconciliation," both in the present selection.

After this brief flowering, autumn set in at once. Whatever was the source of the brief flash of energy that had enabled Mr. Day Lewis to find his own voice and to send some kind of energy flowing through his rhythms, it dried up immediately. The next phase, which turned out to be the longest of all, was the Hardy phase. Once completed, this change was signaled by Mr. Day Lewis in a lecture, "The Lyrical Poetry of Thomas Hardy," delivered to the British Academy in 1951. It was a sound, competent lecture, and a transfer of interest to the poetry of Hardy was a sound, competent step for Mr. Day Lewis to take. The rushing, expansive manner of the thirties was now an extinct volcano. It had, in fact, become extinct on the day when Auden decided to move to America and renounce his British nationality. The movement had been of a kind that needs a leader, and now the leader had gone. Louis MacNeice was strong enough to pursue an independent line;

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so, after some preliminary staggering, was Stephen Spender; but Mr. Day Lewis was not. He could not, as these poets did, find a way forward which would move away from his earlier manner while retaining some elements from it. *Word Over All* had represented a brief moment of glorious liberation, when he managed to write poetry without writing it in someone else's manner. But the rocket fell to earth, the search for a model was on again, and in retrospect one can see that Hardy was the best choice.

This, however, was not so obvious at the time. After all, the dominant influence on English poetry at the end of the Second World War was still T. S. Eliot. Eliot had done his finest work in the 1940's; once again, with the wisdom of hindsight, we can see that he was at the end of the road, that *Little Gidding* marked the end of his career as a poet in 1942, and that nothing lay ahead except the largely wasted years of involvement with the theatre. But at the time, this was not foreseeable. Throughout the thirties, Eliot had been to some extent eclipsed, in the general view, by Auden, who was so much more up-to-the-minute and accessible. Now, with the collapse of the Auden house of cards, Eliot was once more seen as he had been seen in the twenties – as the most original and powerful writer of "modern" verse in English. (Yeats, who now seems in retrospect to be better than any of them, was for various reasons neglected until his collected poems were belatedly made available in 1950.)

The choice before Mr. Day Lewis, and any other poet who found it impossible to quarry up enough resources of his own, was therefore a clear one. Was he to take his cue from Eliot, or from some pre-modern master? Was he, in short, to continue along the line of modern poetry, or go back and retrace the earlier line, pre-Pound, pre-*Waste Land*, pre-1914?

The choice of Hardy as a master was a clear announcement that Mr. Day Lewis had chosen the second alternative. "Modern" poetry had, in fact, never been very congenial to him. He is a quiet writer, with a preference for ordered syntax and regular form, who likes to brood rather than to exclaim. The élan of modern poetry, the violent juxtapositions, the self-consciously anti-poetic imagery, are found in his early verse, but only because they are imitated from other people. Victorian, and Georgian, models really suited him much better.

And so the Hardy period began. Reading through this book, one can put one's finger on the exact point at which Hardy's voice begins to speak through Mr. Day Lewis' verse: it is on page 72, in "A Failure." The next poem, "Statuette: Late Minoan," is even more Hardyesque. It begins:

> "Girl of the musing mouth,
> The mild archaic air,
> For whom do you subtly smile?
> Yield to what power or prayer
> Breasts vernally bare?"

Mr. Day Lewis' later poems are better than his earlier, because in Hardy he has found a mould into which he can pour his work without spilling its best ingredients. He is still an imitative poet, but even imitative poetry can be worth writing; if this were not true, there would be no justification for nine-tenths of the poetry that has been written through the ages. His work of the last twenty years, as represented in this volume, is level, craftsmanlike, civilized; except at moments when Mr. Day Lewis gets tired of Hardy and decides to thumb a lift from someone else for a change (*e.g.* from Frost in "Derelict"), the imitativeness is kept within decent bounds and does not intrude. It is only when we, the readers, suddenly find ourselves yearning to hear the voice behind the voice, to have a real, first hand experience, when we close our Day Lewis and open our Hardy or even our Auden or MacNeice, that we realize how badly wrong something has gone.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Richard Gilman, *for several years drama critic of* Newsweek, *will in the future be reviewing books and theatrical events for* The New Republic. John Wain's *book,* Death of the Hind Legs *and other stories, was recently published by Viking Press.* Morris Renek *is the author of a novel,* The Big Hello, *published a few years ago by Dial Press.*

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Sport Section

by Morris Renek

The Decline and Fall of the New York Yankees
by Jack Mann
(Simon and Schuster; $4.95)

With the idea of winning championships forever, the Yankees successfully copied the farm system Branch Rickey originated on a shoestring in St. Louis. Incubating potential stars on low monthly salaries was cheaper than buying them, though the Yankee dynasty began in the 1920's with a locker room full of imports from the Boston Red Sox (then owned by a theatre producer who sold Babe Ruth). There were times when the Yankees were not only the masters of all they surveyed, but they had the two best teams in the minor leagues sending up talent like so much popcorn. The very thought of wearing a pin-stripe Yankee uniform flattered prospects into signing for a song. The magical properties of this uniform were such that humdrum players performed as though inspired. In 1966, the great thunderers finished in last place for the first time in 54 years. Money, a first-rate scouting system, ego-inflating uniforms, and prestige so awesome it scared opponents, could not halt the Yankee collapse. Their sudden decline took place right under the euphoric and kept noses of the broadcasters and sports reporters traveling with them. The cause was marvelously apt and Athenian to boot.

Jack Mann writes in an appropriate loud cafeteria style that is friendly, engaging and serious. He has perceptively charted the decline and rattled the skeletons in the Yankee closet with chesty abandon. The book's delightful pepper pot quality is wholly suited to the inner folklore of baseball. He has a hilarious account of two veteran ballplayers going up against Sandy Koufax for the first time, and in the great vaudeville tradition of double-takes soon find themselves talking down a rain barrel. Baseball is treated with the seriousness a complex business deserves that builds costly stadiums with needed tax money and then charges the generous public three times the wholesale price for beer to watch its heroes. Baseball is the game that American boys are brought up to believe is uncontaminated – like the roll of true dice – by nothing but fate. Mann pries open the public relations fist of the Yankee "Corporate Concept" and shows you the brass knuckles that pound out their dream image.

The new owners, the Columbia Broadcasting System, paid almost the same price for the Yankees as they paid for a guitar company, but while rock and roll is booming, the Yankees as entertainment are out of touch. Paradoxically it was television which helped kill the golden Yankee goose because it dried up the farm system by supplying major league baseball to every crossroad. But the Yankees' aloofness went a long way in contributing to its fall. Though the home of the Yankees is in a deteriorating neighborhood of the Bronx, the Yanks have been singularly aloof in helping the community that helps them. Their offices are on fashionable 5th Avenue next to Tiffany.

The Yanks are also across the river from Harlem, yet they dragged their feet on hiring Negro players. (The Boston Red Sox in like manner passed up a chance to sign Jackie Robinson and then Willie Mays.) When the Yankees did put a Negro under baseball's chattel contract, they made sure he would not be a troublesome black man. "[Elston] Howard was the Yankees' answer to the NAACP pickets who marched around Yankee Stadium protesting a lily-white policy. He played it cool and his answers hewed strictly to the company line." In this respect, Howard was no different from the glamorous white players who only have lives of their own when they are speaking off the record. Vic Power was not the Yankee kind of Negro and he was shipped to Kansas City.

Mann is superb at recreating the cold-blooded corporate climate that spies on its employees, is anti-labor, manages

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and finesses the news with little trouble, frowns on independent action (Casey Stengel calls independent ballplayers bolsheviks), and tries to keep an iron grip on team spirit for the press. The Yankees' new president from CBS is a former circus manager and OSS operator who intends to change the cold-blooded reputation of the organization. His first job in the new image was firing Red Barber, an independent – relatively speaking – broadcaster.

In a few years the Yankees have slumped from an aloof organization winning championships to a frenzied one looking enviously at another important factor of their decline, the New York Mets, who play outrageously bad baseball to record attendances and munificent television subsidies. But Yankee superiority is so ingrained that coach Jim Turner said after the fall, "If you think people come out to see the Yankees lose [which people do] well, all I can tell you is that that's communist thinking."

The shrinkage of the farm system, being woefully lax in even signing their kind of Negro, being stingy about bonus players, watching the have-not teams in the free agent draft sign talent that might have gone to them has all added up to the Yankee decline. The last nail in their coffin is the new player. Colleges (Are you listening, Mr. Hutchins?) are now the backbone of baseball's supply of talent. These athletes are beholden to no system but the cash nexus. They are psych majors and the like, and baseball is not their whole life. The Yankees were under the illusion that college boys would understand prestige and forget to ask about money. Mann puts it delicately, ". . . the Yankees were still winners. The trouble was that money was talking and George Weiss was mum." Mann is charitable enough to believe the Yanks "didn't make mistakes. But times had changed, and the Yankees hadn't." In the entertainment business, that's the biggest mistake of them all.

After this book you'll never be entirely innocent when looking at a baseball game or be taken in by the colorful quotes said to come from your favorite player. This is not only a knowledgeable baseball book, but it is foremost an immensely readable account of cold dream merchandisers who have failed for the moment.

Toynbee the Biographer

by Alex Campbell

When he was in his forties Arnold J. Toynbee became celebrated as a historian, in his sixties he turned to writing about travel and in his late seventies has taken up biography. His ventures into the other two fields are a success, proving there is nothing to touch a sound classical British education; it equips a man for any arduous endeavor calling for use of the intellect. Toynbee's education began when he was three, when his Uncle Harry (born 1819) told him we were none of us brought into the world in order to be happy. Toynbee recalls thinking that he was a bit young to have been told this, he would have preferred a few more years of ignorant bliss.

Acquaintances
by Arnold J. Toynbee
(Oxford; $7.50)

Toynbee's great-grandfather farmed a 600-acre farm near Swineshead and had 15 children; Uncle Harry, who lived to ninety, was a ship's captain and a militant anti-papist. Toynbee's grandfather was the first London doctor to specialize in treating ears and throats – and also the first to charge two guineas a consultation instead of one. Other Toynbees became missionaries, lawyers and horse dealers. Uncle Harry's brother-in-law, Charles Piazzi Smith, was the first man to write a book that tried to read the future by the measurements of the Pyramids.

Toynbee was obviously destined to spend most of his life meeting interesting or eccentric people, and has set down his account of the most memorable of them, from Uncle Harry the

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ship's captain to Adolf Hitler, who insisted on Toynbee interviewing him because Toynbee had written that Hitler in 1934 behaved not like a head of state but like an American gangster, by shooting down his own former henchmen in the great June 30 purge. (Hitler's comment was: "That isn't fair. The American gangsters do it for money and I did not.")

The acquaintances of Arnold J. Toynbee include Turks and Poles, Germans and Russians, Nehru and Zimmern. His American is Charles R. Crane, who "looked like a parrot, and his quizzical air suggested that he might be speculating whether the humans who might be laughing at him suspected that he was finding them far more funny than they were finding him." Wishing to return home from China in 1921, Crane chose to do so via Siberia, but was perplexed because there was at that moment of Russian history no sort of money procurable outside Russia that could be used in Russia, which in the aftermath of revolution and civil war had relapsed into barter. Crane, the American ambassador to Peking, solved the problem by purchasing a railway wagon which he filled with nails on the theory that nails are needed by people whatever their ideology. Thus equipped, he traversed the steppes, exchanging nails for food as he went.

T. E. Lawrence solved *his* problem, how to put over Amir Faysal to the English people when Faysal spoke little English, by having Faysal recite in Arabic the Chapter of the Cow from the Koran, after which Lawrence "interpreted" by making a telling political speech in English. Winston Churchill in Toynbee's hearing astounded General Smuts by declaring at dinner that in the Boer War he, Churchill, was captured by a Boer officer who took him to Smuts, who refused to let him be shot. The look on Smuts's face indicated to Toynbee this was the first Smuts had ever heard of the alleged incident. During the First World War, Toynbee found Sidney Webb patiently working out, in cubic feet, the amount of housing space the country wouldn't have to provide because of war casualties cutting down the postwar demand. In the twenties, Sidney and Beatrice rather hoped for a German revolution, figuring the ensuing bloodshed on the Continent might "make just enough of a political stir here to bring Labour back into office."

But Toynbee's first and, one hopes, not last essay into biography isn't merely a collection of clever character sketches; it is a very learned man's impressionistic account of two ages in Britain and Europe, the vanished age beyond the watershed of the First World War, and the one we are in.

MOVIES

Orson Welles: There Ain't No Way

What makes movies a great popular art form is that certain artists can, at moments in their lives, reach out and unify the audience – educated and uneducated – in a shared response. The

Falstaff
(Peppercorn-Wormser)

tragedy in the history of movies is that those who have this capacity are usually prevented from doing so. The mass audience gets its big empty movies full of meaningless action; the art-house audience gets its studies of small action and large inaction loaded with meaning.

Almost everyone who cares about movies knows that Orson Welles is such an artist. Even audiences who don't know that Welles is a great *director* sense his largeness of talent from his presence as an actor. Audiences are alert to him, as they often were to John Barrymore, and later to Charles Laughton, as they sometimes are to Bette Davis, as they almost always are to Brando – actors too big for their roles, who play the clown, and not always in comedy but in roles

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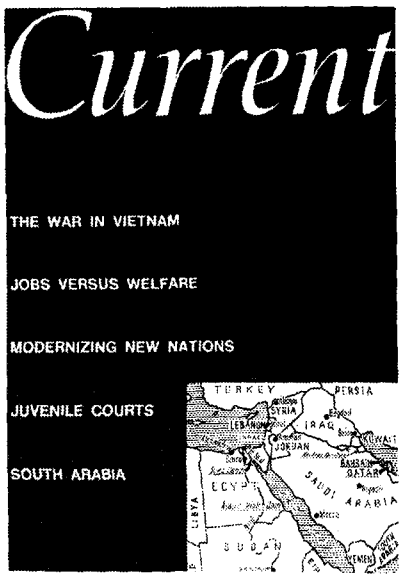

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that for an artist of intelligence can only be comedy. Like Brando, Welles is always being attacked for not having fulfilled his prodigious promise; but who has ever beaten the mass-culture fly-by-night system of economics for long? What else could Welles do with his roles in *Black Magic* or *Prince of Foxes* or *The Black Rose* or *Trent's Last Case* but play them as comedy? Could one take such work seriously? The mediocre directors and the cynical hacks got money when he couldn't. His ironic playing is all that one remembers from those movies anyway; like Brando, he has the greatness to make effrontery a communicated shared experience – which lesser artists had better not attempt. It takes large *latent* talent to tell the audience that you know that what you're doing isn't worth doing and still do it better than anyone else in the movie.

Waiting for a train in Grand Central Station recently, I was standing next to a group of Negroes. To everything that they talked about, one of them – a young girl – said, "There ain't no way"; and it fit perfectly each time.

Orson Welles' *Falstaff* came and went so fast there was hardly time to tell people about it, but it should be back (it should be around forever) and it should be seen. It's blighted by economics and it will never reach the audience Welles might have and should have reached, because there just ain't no way. So many people – and with such complacent satisfaction, almost, one would say, delight – talk of how Welles has disappointed them, as if he had wilfully thrown away his talent through that "lack of discipline" which is always brought in to explain failure. There is a widespread notion that a man who accomplishes a great deal is thus a "genius" who should be able to cut through all obstacles; and if he can't (and who can?), what he does is far beneath what he should have done to be worth consideration. On the contrary, I think that the more gifted and imaginative a director, the greater the obstacles. It is the less imaginative director who has always flourished in the business world of movies – the "adaptable," reliable fellow who is more concerned to get the movie done than to do it his way, who, indeed, after a while has no way of his own, who is as anonymous as the director of *Prince of Foxes*. And the more determined a man is to do it his way or a new way, the more likelihood that this man (quickly labeled a "troublemaker" or "a difficult person" or "self-destructive" or "a man who makes problems for himself" – standard Hollywoodese for an artist and, of course, always true at some level, and the greater the artist, the more true it's likely to become) won't get the support he needs to complete the work his way. In the atmosphere of anxiety surrounding him, the producers may decide to "save" the project by removing him or adding or subtracting from his work, or finally dumping the film without publicity or press screenings, consigning it to the lower half of double bills. All these things have happened to Welles (*Citizen Kane* was not big enough at the box-office and it caused trouble; he was not allowed to finish his next picture, *The Magnificent Ambersons*.) Treatment of this sort, which usually marks the end of great movie careers, was for Welles the beginning. Most of these things have happened to men as pacific as Jean Renoir, whom few would accuse of being "undisciplined." (Renoir turned to writing a novel, his first, last year when he could not raise money to make a movie, though the budget he required was less than half that allotted to movies made to be premiered on television.) And they are still happening to men in Hollywood like Sam Peckinpah. Such men are always blamed for the eventual failure of whatever remains of their work, while men who try for less have the successes (and are forgiven their routine failures because they didn't attempt anything the producers didn't understand). Joseph L. Mankiewicz's *Julius Caesar* was considered a success and Orson Welles' *Othello* a failure. The daring of doing Shakespeare at all was enough for Mankiewicz and his producer, John Houseman, who was to be ritualistically referred to as "the distinguished producer John Houseman" because of this film – not from his early theatre work with Orson Welles – much as George Schaefer is referred to as "the distinguished director" from his specialty of embalming old war

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horses for television. Mankiewicz's luck held good on *Julius Caesar:* it's perfectly suited to the small screen, where it recently appeared, while Welles' *Othello* – with its disastrous, imperfectly synchronized sound track – isn't even intelligible. How could it be? A movie shot over a period of four years with Welles dashing off periodically to act in movies like *The Black Rose* to earn the money to continue; and then, his cast scattered, trying to make a sound track reading half the roles himself (not only Roderigo, but if my ear is to be trusted, parts of Iago, too), selecting long shots and shots with the actors' backs to the camera to conceal the sound problem. This, of course, looked like "affectation." And his splendid, flawed production – visually and emotionally a near-masterpiece – was a "failure." Earlier, working on a Republic Pictures budget (for Republic Pictures), Welles had shot his barbaric *Macbeth* – marred most by his own performance – in 23 days because "no one would give me any money for a further day's shooting."

In the early fifties, Welles, as an actor, was in top flamboyant form; in roles like his Lord Mountdrago in *Three Cases of Murder* nobody seemed to enjoy the sheer physical delight of acting as much as he. Still very young, he played like a great ham of the old school – which was marvelous to watch in his Father Mapple in *Moby Dick* and in *The Roots of Heaven.* This lesser talent that he could live on was a corollary to his great talent. It was a demonstration of his love of (and prowess in) traditional theatre – like the way Vittorio De Sica (also an actor from adolescence) could go from being the romantic singing star of Italian musical comedy to make *Shoeshine* and then back again (he, too, to raise money for his own films) to playing in an ornate style, Gina's lawyer or Sophia's papa, a whole Barzini gallery of glory-ridden, mustachioed Italians. But Welles was beginning to turn into America's favorite grotesque. Like Barrymore and Laughton and Brando, he seemed to be developing an obsession with false noses, false faces. He had once, at least, played a role in his own face – Harry Lime in *The Third Man,* a role he had written for himself; by the sixties he was encased in makeup and his own fat – like a huge operatic version of W. C. Fields. Audiences laughed when he appeared on the screen. He didn't need to choose the role of Falstaff: it chose him.

When Welles went to Europe, he lost his single greatest asset as a movie director: his sound. (He had already lost the company that *talked* together, the Mercury players he had brought to Hollywood – Joseph Cotten, Agnes Moorehead, Everett Sloane, *et al.* – who were now working separately.) Welles had first skyrocketed to public attention on radio, and what he had brought to movies that was distinctively new was the radio sound – with an innovative use of overlapping dialogue – which was used for trick shock purposes, almost playfully, in *Citizen Kane.* But by the time of *The Magnificent Ambersons* he was using this technique for something deeper (the

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family bickering was startling in its almost surreal accuracy; the sound was of arguments overheard from childhood, with so many overtones they were almost mythic). Welles himself had a voice that seemed to carry its own echo chamber; somehow, in becoming the whiz kid of vocal effects, in simulating so many deep, impersonal voices, he had emptied his own voice of emotion, and when he spoke his credit at the end of *The Ambersons*, audiences laughed at the hollow voice (and perhaps at the comic justice of the *spoken* credit). Ironically, sound – the area of his greatest mastery – became his worst problem as he began to work with actors who didn't speak English and actors who did but weren't around when he needed them (for the post synching which is standard in Europe because the actors don't speak the same language, and is becoming standard here, too, because it saves shooting-time). Welles compensated by developing greater visual virtuosity.

Yeats said "Rhetoric is heard, poetry overheard," and though I don't agree, I think I see what he means, and I think this assumption is involved in much of the rejection of a talent like Welles'. His work is often referred to as flashy and spectacular as if this also meant cheap and counterfeit. Welles is unabashedly theatrical in a period when much of the educated audience thinks theatrical flair vulgar, artistry intellectually respectable only when subtle, hidden. Welles has the approach of a *popular* artist: he glories in both verbal and visual rhetoric. He uses film *theatrically* – not stagily, but with theatrical bravado. He makes a show of the mechanics of film. He doesn't – if I may be forgiven the pun – hide his tracks. Movies gave him the world for a stage, and his is not the art that conceals art, but the showman's delight in the flourishes with which he pulls the rabbit from the hat. (This is why he was the wrong director for *The Trial*, where the poetry needed to be overheard.) I think that many people who enjoy those flourishes, who really love them – as I do – are so fearfully educated that they feel they must put them down. It's as if people said, he's a mountebank, an actor showing off. But there's life in that kind of display: it's part of an earlier theatrical tradition that Welles carries over into film, it's what the theatre has lost, and it's what brought people to the movies.

Welles might have done for American talkies what D. W. Griffith did for the silent film. But when he lost his sound and his original, verbal wit, he seemed to lose his brashness, his youth, and some of his vitality. And he lost his American-ness; in Europe he had to learn a different, more exclusively visual language of film. An enfant-terrible defeated, ages fast. At 51, Welles seems already the grand old master of film, because, of course, everybody knows that he'll never get in the position to do what he might have done. Governments and foundations will prattle on about excellence and American film companies will rush to sign up Englishmen and Europeans who have had a hit, hoping to snare that magic money-making gift. And tired transplanted Europeans will go on making big, lousy American movies, getting financed because they once had a hit and maybe the magic will come back. And Welles – the one great creative force in American films in our time, the man who might have redeemed our movies from the general contempt in which they are (and for the most part, rightly) held – is, ironically, an expatriate director whose work thus reaches only the art-house audience. And he has been so crippled by the problems of working as he does, he's lucky to reach that. The distributors of *Falstaff* tested it out of town before risking Bosley Crowther's displeasure in New York.

You may want to walk out during the first twenty minutes of *Falstaff*. Although the words on the sound track are intelligible, the sound doesn't match the images. We hear the voices as if the speakers were close, but on the screen the figures may be a half mile away or turned from us at some angle that doesn't jibe with the voice. In the middle of a sentence an actor may walk away from us while the voice goes on. Often, for a second, we can't be sure who is supposed to be talking. And the cutting is maddening, designed as it is for camouflage – to keep us from seeing faces closely or from registering that mouths which should be open and moving are closed. Long shots and Shakespearean dialogue are a crazy mix. It's especially jarring because the casting is superb and the performance beautiful. It's not hard to take Shakespeare adapted and transformed by other cultures – like Kurosawa's *Throne of Blood*, a *Macbeth* almost as much related to Welles' as to Shakespeare's – but the words of Shakespeare slightly out of synch! This is as intolerable as those old prints of *Henry V* that the miserly distributors circulate – chewed up by generations of projection machines, crucial syllables lost in the splices. The editing rhythm of *Falstaff* is at war with the rhythm and comprehension of the language. Welles, avoiding the naturalistic use of the outdoors in which Shakespeare's dialogue sounds more stagey than on stage, has photographically stylized the Spanish locations, creating a theatrically darkened, slightly unrealistic world of angles and low beams and silhouettes. But when this photographic style is shattered by the cuts necessary to conceal the dialogue problems, the camera angles seem unnecessarily exaggerated and pretentious. But then despite everything – the angles, the doubles in long shots, the editing that distracts us when we need to concentrate on the dialogue – the movie begins to be great.

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The readings in *Falstaff* are great even if they don't always go with the images – which are often great, too.

Welles has brought together the pieces of Falstaff that Shakespeare had strewn over the two parts of *Henry IV* and *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, with cuttings from *Henry V* and *Richard II*, and fastened them into place with narration from Holinshed's Chronicles (read by Ralph Richardson). Those of us who resisted our schoolteachers' best efforts to make us appreciate the comic genius of Shakespeare's fools and buffoons will not be surprised that Welles wasn't able to make Falstaff very funny: he's a great conception of a character, but the charades and practical jokes seem meant to be funnier than they are. This movie does, however, provide the best Shakespearean comic moment I can recall: garrulous Falstaff sitting with Shallow (Alan Webb) and Silence (Walter Chiari), rolling his eyes in irritation and impatience at Silence's stammer. But Welles' Falstaff isn't essentially comic; W. C. Fields' Micawber wasn't either: these actors, so funny when they're playing with their own personae in roles too small for them, are not so funny when they're trying to measure up. The carousing and roistering in the tavern doesn't seem like such great fun either, though Welles and the cast work very hard to convince us it is. Oddly, we never really see the friendship of Prince Hal – played extraordinarily well by Keith Baxter – and Falstaff; the lighter side in *Henry IV, Part I* is lost – probably well lost, though we must take it for granted in the film. What we see are the premonitions of the end – Hal taking part in games that have gone stale for him, preparing himself for his final rejection of his adopted father Falstaff in order to turn into a worthy successor of his father, the king. And we see what this does to Falstaff, the braggart with the heart of a child who expects to be forgiven everything, even what he knows to be unforgivable – his taking the credit away from Hal for the combat with Hotspur (Norman Rodway). Falstaff lacks judgment – which kings must have.

John Gielgud's Henry IV is the perfect contrast to Welles; Gielgud has never been so monkishly perfect in a movie. Welles could only get him for two weeks of the shooting and the makeshift of some of his scenes is obvious, but his performance gives the film the austerity it needs for the conflict in Hal to be dramatized. Gielgud's king is so refined – a skeleton too dignified for any flesh to cling to it, inhabited by a voice so modulated it is an exquisite spiritual whine. Merrie England? Falstaff at least provides a carcass to mourn over.

Welles as an actor had always been betrayed by his voice. It was too much and it was inexpressive; there was no warmth in it, no sense of a life lived. It was just an instrument that he played, and it seemed to be the key to something shallow and unfelt even in his best performances, and most fraudulent when he tried to make it tender. I remember that once, in *King Lear* on television, he hit a phrase and I thought his voice was emotionally right; it had beauty – and what a change it made in his acting! In *Falstaff* Welles seems to have grown into his voice; he's not too young for it anymore, and he's certainly big enough. And his emotions don't seem fake anymore; he's grown into them, too. He has the eyes for the role. Though his Falstaff is short on comedy, it's very rich, very full.

He has directed a sequence – the battle of Shrewsbury – which is totally unlike anything he has ever done, indeed unlike any battle ever done on the screen before. It ranks with the best of Griffith, John Ford, Eisenstein, Kurosawa – that is, with the best ever done. How can one sequence in this movie be so good? It has no dialogue and so he isn't handicapped: for the only time in

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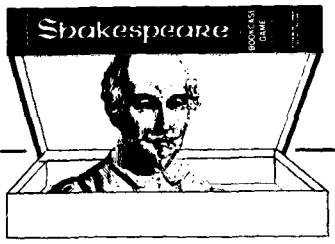

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the movie he can edit, not to cover gaps and defects but as an artist. The compositions suggest Uccello and the chilling ironic music is a death knell for all men in battle. The soldiers, plastered by the mud they fall in, are already monuments. It's the most brutally somber battle ever filmed. It does justice to Hotspur's great "O, Harry, thou hast robbed me of my youth."

Welles has filled the cast with box-office stars. Margaret Rutherford, Jeanne Moreau, Marina Vlady are all in it (though the girl I like best was little Beatrice Welles as the pageboy). And Falstaff is the most popular crowd-pleasing character in the work of the most enduringly popular writer who ever lived. Yet, because of technical defects due to poverty, Welles' finest Shakespearean production to date – another near-masterpiece, and this time so very close – cannot reach a large public. There ain't no way.

PAULINE KAEL

Correspondence

Christians and Jews

Sirs:

A letter from Paul Weinbaum (June 3) takes me to task for saying that the history of Europe since the Council of Nicaea in 325 has been primarily Christian history and that the shortcomings and injustices apparent in that history are basically the responsibility of Christianity. He blames me for pointing out that fact. He thinks that I am not adhering to the so-called "new ecumenical spirit." However, unless Christians are willing to look that history in its face and acknowledge that the degradations, sufferings and ravages that the Jews of Europe have undergone for the past 1,650 years at the hands of the people of Europe were inflicted for the most part by Christians who believed that what the New Testament says about the Jews justified it, there can be no genuine ecumenicism insofar as any Jew that is proud to be a Jew and who has any feeling for his heritage is concerned.

Mr. Weinbaum, moreover, presents the thesis that Christianity had nothing to do with the Nazi holocaust but that the murders of six million Jews resulted from nationalism, racism, militarism, romanticism, the defeat in World War I and the economic depression. Undoubtedly those things influenced the Germans to accept Nazism. But why did they pick the Jews as their main scapegoat? Why did the Germans not exterminate the entire French population – Christians as well as Jews? After all, France had defeated Germany in two wars and its Christian leaders had demanded the harsh Versailles Treaty.

The Jews were made the scapegoats because the Nazis knew very well that the hatred of the Jews that had been instilled in the minds and hearts of the German people by Christian *religious* teachings about the Jews permitted the Nazi "final solution of the Jewish problem" to be accepted by the masses of the German people without any qualms of conscience. Moreover, the Nazis also knew that those same Christian teachings that had for centuries permeated the countries of Poland, Lithuania, Latvia, Austria, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, White Russia, the Ukraine, and Rumania, not to mention France, Belgium, Italy, Holland and others, would lead many people in those countries to aid and abet the Germans in their monstrous crimes. And that is just what happened.

I did not say that every Christian was guilty of the Nazi holocaust. I know that there were some – notably in Denmark – who resisted the destruction of the Jews. But I also know that the teaching of the New Testament – which charges the Jews with killing the Son of God and being allied with the Devil – was why it was possible for the Germans to so easily exterminate six million Jews while most Christians, including the Pope, sat quietly by without even verbally condemning what they knew was being done.

Philip P. Brown
Denver, Colo.

Soviet Shenanigans

Sirs:

John Osborne's interesting article, "When Did China Decide to Enter the Korean War?" (June 3) and his reference to Peking's consultation with the Soviet Foreign Minister, only touches on Russian machinations in 1950.

At the end of 1949, only four years after the end of World War II, the Soviet Union, devastated economically and physically, needed time to rebuild. The Berlin airlift had shown that resistance and strength of the allies in Europe. Mao, refusing to take orders from Moscow, was ready to conduct a Communist state based upon his own principles of land reform. The United States had the atomic bomb and Russia had just completed the first bomb test, but had no stockpile or delivery system. Stalin had to come up with some very definite answers to these problems.

In January, 1950, President Truman and Secretary of State Acheson stated that Korea and Formosa were not essential to our defense in the Pacific. In March, 1950, the United States was receptive, after discussions with Yugoslavia and India, to recognizing Red China and admitting her to the General Assembly of the United Nations. In April, 1950, without any advance notice, Russia withdrew all her delegates from the United Nations' General Assembly and the Security Council and stated that she would not return until Nationalist China was removed from the UN. In June, 1950, North Korean forces crossed the 38th parallel into South Korea and President Truman asked the UN for united action against North Korea. The Soviet Union, being absent, provided no veto and United Nations' Forces proceeded into South Korea to stem the attack. (It must be

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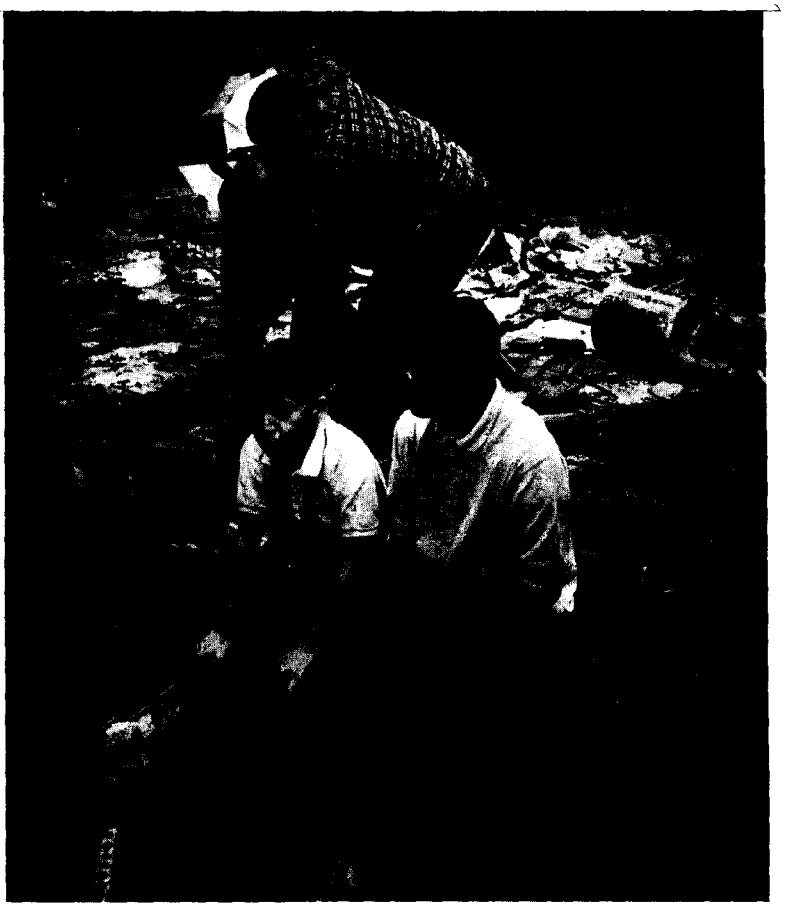

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remembered that North Korea was completely under Russian domination as to training of the army, logistics, feeding of the people and control of the government. No action could possibly begin without Russian consent.) In August, 1950, China warned that they would come into the war if their border was threatened. (It is assumed that the Soviet Foreign Minister in Peking on August 8 had urged the proposition that the American forces were approaching the Chinese border with the intention of re-instating Chiang Kai-shek.) The United Nations' Forces continued to advance through North Korea and in November, 1950, China entered the war. In December, 1950, the Soviet Union quietly returned to the UN. . . .

The Soviet Union had now accomplished several things. First, China and the US achieved a confrontation which is not to abate to the present day. China had been branded an aggressor by the United Nations and this would prevent her from becoming a member of that organization for many years. China would have to rely for help on the Soviet Union for many years because of the vast number of men still under arms. The attention of the United States now transferred from Europe to Asia. Chinese and American pressure were removed from the Soviet Union and she now had time to develop nuclear weapons and rebuild her economy. In one fine swoop Stalin had transferred his problems to the United States and China.

Now, watch the Middle East!

Paul H. Tannenbaum
Hofstra University

A misreading of my penciled copy has me saying (June 3) that the Peking government decided to enter the Korean war "a good five months before American forces approached the Yalu," etc. I wrote, "a good *two* months."

John Osborne
Washington, D. C.

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Third Party

Sirs:

Daniel Crofts in his "Communication" of June 10 explains cogently the probable futility of a third-(or fourth-) party peace movement in 1968. He further observes the lack of an impact which the war seems to have made upon the mass of the American people. However, he proceeds to plump for massive civil disobedience with the jails overflowing as the best alternative to political action.

Such an alternative, it seems to me, would be an unrelieved disaster for a peace movement, an action which would convince a complacent public *not* to rise up to end the war, but to demand harsh penalties for protestors and to harden resistance against those who oppose the war.

Programs such as Mr. Croft proposes arise from either a naïveté concerning, or an indifference to, the nature of the American policy. If, as Mr. Croft suggests, Democratic opponents of the war should indicate to the Republicans that a great many 1964 Johnson votes "are ready and waiting for a Republican with an acceptable position on Vietnam," then it would seem that the worst possible way to indicate this would be by a tactic which would improve the position of the Republican right-wing by giving their rantings against "lawlessness" and "disloyalty" some credence with the moderate majority.

R. M. Johnstone, Jr.
Ithaca, N.Y.

A Voice for Nasser

Sirs:

I am appalled by your lead editorial of June 3, 1967 where you call United Arab Republic President Gamal Abdel Nasser "the virus" of the Middle East. It is not he who is the virus but Israel and the neo-colonialist imperialist Western countries that support it. Israel has always been the source of trouble in the Middle East. It has always been the aggressor. Why do not you get your facts straight? Of course, you might lose Zionist advertisements and readers. A brief checking of UN General Assembly and Security Council minutes and documents will provide you with enough evidence of the truth of the matter. We have been on the receiving end for more than 19 years now. Patience has its limits. We are tired of maintaining the status quo. It does us no good. We need action NOW. And I tell you let Israel do the smallest thing to provoke us and that will be the end.

You say that "the survival of Israel is a responsibility of civilized nations . . . because it is the homeland of the Jews." If there is anything that I detest it is the double standard. You consider the United States a civilized country? Why have you forgotten that you are involved in wholesale slaughter in Vietnam. And who says Israel is the homeland of the Jews? I can see that you have read *Exodus* so many times that you cannot think for yourselves anymore. Will you, ever?

I have been a subscriber to *The New Republic* for some time now. I have enjoyed your treatment of the Vietnamese War for it is an unjust war. But the Arabs' war against the Israelis is a holy war and God Almighty will come to our assistance.

Samir Barih Zaitoon
Baton Rouge, La.

I will certainly not defend the many activities of Egypt's President Nasser with regard to his neighbors, but I must protest the glibness and half-truths of your editorial conclusions ("Nasser and Israel," June 3) that "Nasser is the virus" in the Middle East and that all "civilized peoples . . . are obliged to cherish" Israel. . . . In fairness, shouldn't you also have mentioned, as a very important if not the only factor in the situation, the deep-seated Arab sense of grievance and frustration over the rape of Palestine between the Balfour Declaration of 1917 and the establishment of Israel in 1948? Centuries of Christian persecution of Jews in Europe can hardly or fairly be expiated by supporting a Jewish state in a territory which belonged for over 1,300 years to a non-Christian and non-European people – the Arabs of Palestine.

Brice Harris, Jr.
Occidental College
Los Angeles, Calif.

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A Poet's Wife

Sirs:

In his review of companion volumes on Dylan Thomas by Constantine Fitzgibbon in your June 10 issue, Stanley Moss quotes Fitzgibbon on Caitlin Thomas' attitude toward her husband, claiming that it was the poet she loved and the buffoon she deplored. Evidence that this is not strictly the case is to be found in an ironic letter to her daughter, which was published a few years ago.

Caitlin Thomas, there, warns her to avoid, at all costs, the prospect of becoming involved with a poet, hopes that she will learn from her own experience, and states that her husband was a man so in love with words that, in effect, he lived in an illusory world and hence was incapable of becoming a responsible individual. Perhaps, therefore, her actual attitude toward the poet has yet to be described, definitively, in any biographical work.

David Lawson
Bellingham, Wash.

The Polish Consensus

Sirs:

In his report on "The Polish Consensus," (May 27), Ross Terrill suggests that the opposition of the Polish intelligentsia to the government, while serious enough to cause the expulsion of Professor Kolakowski, a Marxist theoretician of long standing, is not so serious as to "challenge the fundamentals."

Other published reports of the Kolakowski affair, however, make one wonder whether Terrill has correctly assessed the nature and depth of Polish intellectual dissent. One report, for example, quotes from a speech delivered by Professor Kolakowski the day before he was expelled from the Communist Party:

"The government does not feel responsible to the nation. The system of privileges is prevalent. These privileges exist for a few outside the law. Public criticism is lacking. Free assembly is nonexistent. Censorship is extremely severe. All this has weakened society, for there is no perspective, no hope. The state, the party, the society are the victims of stagnation."

If these quotes attributed to Professor Leszek Kolakowski are at all accurate, it would be difficult to conceive of a more direct and basic challenge to the fundamentals of any system.

Zolton A. Ferency
Detroit, Michigan

Francis Hackett

Sirs:

I am writing an intellectual history of Mr. Francis Hackett. He served as editor of the *Friday Literary Review* of the Chicago *Evening Post*, a founding editor of the *New Republic* (until 1922), and was the author of critical essays and reviews (in various periodicals including the *Saturday Review* and the *New York Times* newspaper). He also wrote novels (*The Green Lion*) and popular histories (including *Henry the Eighth*). I would appreciate any information that your readers might care to give me concerning letters to, from, or about Mr. Hackett, and, of course, I wish to hear from anyone who knew him.

Hyland Packard
Louisiana State University
Baton Rouge, La.

Abortion Laws

Sirs:

The fact that 27 states gave consideration during the 1967 legislative term to bills for liberalizing their laws on abortion is an indication of a growing concern in our society for the plight of women caught in the trap of unwanted pregnancies.

Thoughful articles like that of Robert Coles ("Who's To Be Born," June 10) serve to make for discussion which is informed as well as concerned. In fact, the article is so good and so informative that I feel sure Mr. Coles will not mind my offering one small correction. He would want his North Carolina readers to know that the husband's consent is necessary only if the wife is a minor or is incompetent.

Jimmye Kimmey
Association for
the Study of Abortion

War Protest in Wartime

Sirs:

An addition to James R. Sherley's pertinent article, "War Protest in Wartime" might be the speech made to the Senate by Senator Beveridge in 1900. Beveridge had just returned from a fact finding tour of the Philippines: . . . "Mr. President, reluctantly and only from a sense of duty am I forced to say that American opposition to the war has been the chief factor in prolonging it. Had Aguinaldo not understood that in America, even in the American Congress, even here in the Senate, he and his cause were supported . . . his insurrection would have dissolved before it entirely crystallized."

"The Filipinos do not understand free speech, and therefore our tolerance of American assaults on the American President and the American government means to them that our President is in the minority or he would *not* permit what appears to them such treasonable criticism."

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Kauffmann, *from page 18*

fiercely he fornicates, he knows that his partner fundamentally dominates because fundamentally – to some degree – she despises him. The torment for him is that he knows this; the torment for her is that she does not want it to be true.

Although these themes underlie and propel *The Flagellants*, I must not suggest that it is a thesis novel. There is indeed a scene near the end that is almost a Greek set-piece of flaming debate, and the final parting is the inevitable division by the myths that still bind the pair, from which they must work free. But this book is art, not argument. Everything in it grows from its texture. Its language is acutely sensory or vaultingly rhapsodic. An example of the former:

> "On her right in the building's lobby was a door leading to a dentist's office. Laughing gas opened her nose. . . . The street's reek, the popcorn's burnt butter substitute, the beer's impotent hops, the tropical, slopical juice, the stained red hots, the subway's lime dankness, the bus' exhaustion, fused with the laughing-gassed future."

Here is some of the rhapsodic – the couple's union after one of their fights:

> "Their image shifted toward the mirror . . . the leash and the black dog. . . . The leash was unfastened. The black dog was slipping the last word down the ear . . . transfigured. Nothing in the room took head; nothing responded to an argument's outcome. The answer, realizing that this was not the moment for its coming, stretched out with fatigue, penetrated their limbs, yawned in turn, then spread for a spasm. The good answer blew a succulent sound down the center of their common growl."

Almost all the dialogue is utterly unrealistic – a deliberately artificial rhetoric that is very soon fascinating in itself. Its rhythms range from those of the Negro preacher to an almost neoclassic formalism to an odd syncopation (without dialect) that suggests the Caribbean. What is conveyed at last by this diction is the author's urge to have a language of her own, almost a resentment at having to use the language of the whites, a thrust to get away from it, at least to mask and alter it. ("A Negro has been instructed since stepping foot on the land to choose his words, watch his diction, pre-check his grammatical construction. Say it just like the white. . . .") Within the realm of the English language, and powerful in it, Miss Polite is trying to forge a different prose.

Prose, one insists. It is easy – and false – to say that this novel, in its brevity and intensity, aspires to the condition of poetry. It aspires to the condition of the *novel* – as made by the stress of our lives and our art today – and it strikes bravely into the morass that has always trapped and nourished the novel: the subject of reality. *The Flagellants* does not attempt to define reality, psychical or political or social or "real." It is an attempt genuinely to exist, to *be* reality – a task more difficult for the novel every day. Miss Polite has achieved it.

An anomaly: *The Flagellants*, written by an American in English, was first published in France in French. (Some other postwar first publications in France by Americans – such as *Lolita* and *The Ginger Man* – were in English.) Whatever the reasons for this, a year after its French publication it is here; and it is dazzling.

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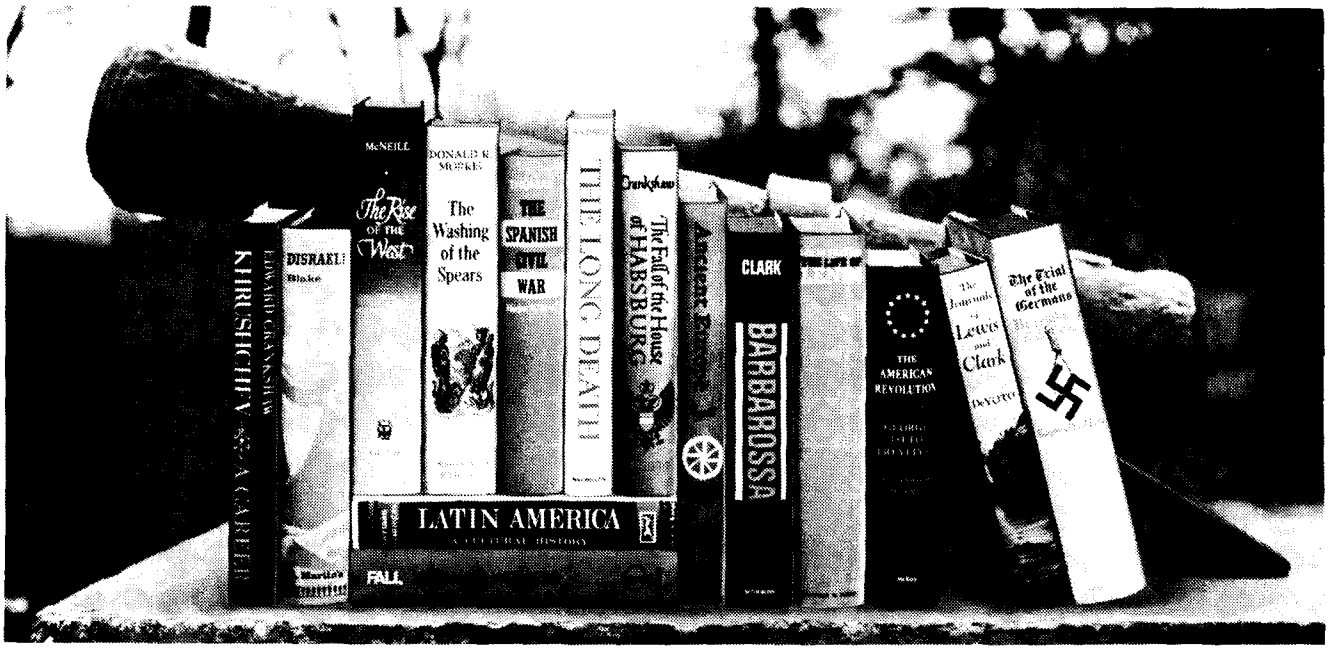

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